

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 23, 1982 \$1.50

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Of Pittsburgh



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"The Steelers to me are what the Mississippi River was to Mark Twain," says Roy Blount Jr., whose profile of Franco Harris appears on page 72. It is the 17th magazine piece Blount has written about the Steelers since the publication of his book *About Three Bricks Shy of a Load*, an account of the 1973 season, which he spent hanging around the team.

"I wanted to experience football in a way that no fan or sportswriter or player had ever experienced it, trying to find a hole in the game itself I could run into," Blount says. "I was just like all those jerks who run out onto the field during a game, but I wanted to do that without interfering." Which he did so triumphantly that he's now, in effect, an honorary Steeler and a welcome visitor at training camp and at games.

"I've been back nearly every year once or twice," says Blount. "I'll always be a Steeler at heart, now I'm just an old Steeler."

His son, John, 13, who was drawing detailed pictures of airborne Steelers as soon as he was old enough to grip a felt-tip pen, is an old Steeler, too.

"Bringing John to camp with me this year was a containing link," says Blount, 40, who lives in Mill River,

Mass. with his family, dogs, cats, horse and compost heap. "He knows the team better than I do. I'd ask him who players were and he'd tell me."

"Franco was the last loose end of the old Steeler team that I hadn't done justice to. I got to fill out the image of him I'd sketched in the book. I realized how good a hero he is for kids. He represents a departure from the image of football players as mindless, head-knocking people, with his self-preservation and insistence on running in terms of his own imagination, instead of plowing through and proving he's tough. That's the kind of athlete I admire—the kind who can succeed on his own terms as well as the game's terms."

Blount writes in much the same manner, and with resounding success. His 1980 book *Crackers* was highly acclaimed, and a collection of humorous pieces, *One Fell Soup*, will be published this fall by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

"There is a certain analogy between writing well and running with a football well," says Blount. "The important thing in both sports and writing is being able to give your imagination some kind of physical form."

Here's an example of what happens when Blount's imagination finds a hole, a description of Harris running, from *About Three Bricks Shy of a Load*:

"He took a pass in the right flat, all the way over by the right sideline, and cut back toward the other side. As tackler after tackler slanted into him he moved, fending them off, in a series of slues—looking for a gap to cut up through, never finding it, but always advancing somewhat on each hooked swoop, moving downfield gradually, gradually, bevelly, bevelly, rhythmically, like a handsaw ooo-fah, ooo-fah, ooo-fah into hard wood—all the way across the field diagonally and out of bounds on the other side, to stop the clock. A 15-second 13-yard gain with a serrated edge."



BLOUNT GIVES IMAGINATION PHYSICAL FORM

Philip D. Haverstick

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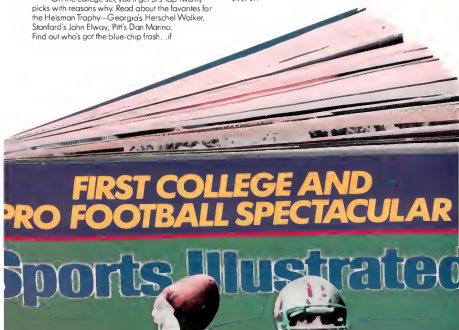
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CAVEAT EMPTOR

On the basis of courtroom testimony, official investigations, telltale betting patterns and the confessions in this magazine of convicted master fixer Tony Caulla (Nov. 6, 1978), it is generally accepted that a score or more of races involving at least nine jockeys were rigged at New York State thoroughbred tracks in the mid-1970s. But only one person, ex-jockey Con Errico, has been convicted as a consequence of such wrongdoing, and no further criminal proceedings appear likely. The impasse was caused by bungled law-enforcement work, refusal of key witnesses to cooperate and the do-nothing approach of racing officials, who seemed blithely uninterested in pursuing leads back when the scandal broke.

Last week the New York Racing Association, which runs the state's three major tracks—Aqueduct, Belmont and Saratoga—made clear that doing nothing is still very much its policy. More than half the races suspected of having been fixed in the '70s were those designated as trifectas, in which bettors try to pick the first three finishers in a race in order, and the NYRA's 23-member board of trustees acknowledged that situation by unanimously passing a resolution opposing such "triples" because of their "appeal to those who would operate outside the law." While concluding that the sport's "best interest" would be served by abolishing trifecta betting, however, the board said it wouldn't take such action because of the "potentially drastic financial effects" it would have on the tracks and on state and local tax revenues. The NYRA was saying, in other words, that it couldn't afford to do what it felt was the right thing.

The decision to choose profits over integrity has disturbing implications. Although the trustees tried to imply that the number of fixed races at New York tracks has been relatively low, the proportion of fixed trifecta races has been shockingly high; trifecta betting occurs only in the ninth race in New York, and during one period in late 1974 and early 1975, 10% of all such races at Aqueduct, the statistical equivalent of 22 games during a single NFL season, are believed to have been rigged. Given that degree of crookedness, horse racing ceases to be a

sport in which the true athletic abilities of horse and jockey are showcased and in which bettors can hope to use their smarts to pick winners, and becomes instead a kind of lottery in which the odds are heavily stacked in favor of cheaters. The NYRA's appallingly cynical inaction thus comes as fair notice: Let the buyer—or in this case, the horseplayer—beware.

HOW SILLY CAN YOU GET?

Let it be recorded for posterity that as a show of union solidarity in the NFL Players Association's current collective bargaining dispute with management, players on both teams gathered at mid-field before the start of last week's Oilers-Saints exhibition game and shook hands. The same thing happened at 11 other NFL games. Take that, owners.

VERY SILLY INDEED

Let future generations further take note that the NFL Management Council wasn't about to suffer those handshakes silently. Citing a rule prohibiting pregame fraternization, the council announced that it was advising clubs to fine rival gladiators who pressed the flesh at least \$100 each. Take that, players.

THE PITS OF THE WORLD, YEAH, YEAH

John McEnroe is No. 1 in the Association of Tennis Professionals' world rankings, No. 5 on the World Championship Tennis list and No. 32 on this week's *Billboard* Top 100 LPs chart. The tennis star with the punk look and the operatic lungs has joined doubles partner Peter Fleming, tennis pal Peter Renner and a number of roadies, hangers-on and rock notables like Jimmy Buffett in an ad hoc backup group that performs with Glenn Frey, a lead singer with the now-disbanded Eagles, on a song on a newly released album called *No Fun Allowed*. The song is called *Partytown*, Mac and the rest of the backup group have just one line, but they repeat it over and over: "Yeah, yeah." Or, rather: "YEAH, YEAH." Loud and clear. That's Mac's accustomed volume, as any number of linesmen and umpires can attest.

McEnroe's gig took place last April. He happened to be sitting in the office of Irving Azoff, an L.A. rock entrepreneur who handles his exhibition matches, when Frey, another of Azoff's clients, called on the phone. "Glenn was putting out an SOS to Irving that he needed some people for a song he was recording that night," says Larry Solters, an Azoff associate. "Irving asked John if he'd like to try it." McEnroe, whose not-so-secret fantasy is to be a rock star—he plays the guitar and has jammed in concert with the rock group Santana—jumped at the chance. That night, clad in a tight T shirt, faded jeans and tennis shoes,



McEnroe became an official member of the Monsterettes, the backup group which, with a shifting cast of characters, used to perform on Eagles albums and was now being more or less reconstituted by Frey.

"The first thing John said was, 'Do I sing or do I yell?'" says Solters. "And Glenn said, 'If you can sing, sing. If you can't, yell.' So he yelled." Frey, a sports nut—and hockey superfan—who never goes anywhere without his Converse All Stars and an NHL schedule, was only too happy to have Wimbledon Mac—not to be confused with Fleetwood Mac—participate in the recording session. As Solters, whose conversation sounds like a succession of pop song lyrics, puts it, "Most rock stars wish they were pro athletes, and most pro athletes wish they

continued

SURVIVAL

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Nuclear War.

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SCORECARD (continued)

were rock stars. They run in the same circles and have similar lifestyles. With both, the clock is always ticking. The highs are high, the lows are low. Sometimes you're hot, sometimes you're not. It's life in the fast lane." Now that *No Fun Allowed* is hot—*Billboard* accords the album a "bullet," meaning it's rising fast on the charts—will Mac be asked to perform again with Frey? Replies Sellers, "John can scream for us anytime."

SPRING FORWARD, QUARTER BACK

In a recent article in the Long Island newspaper *Newsday*, John Jeansonne addressed the question of whether the United States Football League, which plans to operate in the spring and early summer starting in 1983, was on to a good thing with its "Other Season" concept. Jeansonne quoted USFL founder Dave Dixon as declaring, "It's absurd to say you only chew gum in the spring or make love in the summer. If you like doing something, you like doing it! year-round." That sounded like an ironclad argument until Jeansonne, playing devil's advocate, issued a reminder that "lemonade isn't so great in the winter, or hot chocolate in the summer, and absence makes the heart grow fonder." There's many a sports fan, Jeansonne went on, "who finds a delicious anticipation in the off-season, who likes the buildup from season to season — who likes red and gold lawn leaves on his drive to the stadium."

The possibility that the Other Season may be ill-advised has also been raised by New York Giant President Wellington Mara, who as an NFL boss has an obvious reason to hope so. Mara has pointedly noted that the NFL once considered launching a springtime league but dropped the idea for fear that college players would thereby be induced to quit school in their senior year without wanting to get degrees. The same fear has been voiced by Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler, who warned that USFL coaches and scouts would be barred from his school's practice fields if they carry out their planned midwinter college draft. Schembechler said that such a draft followed by a spring season would prevent USFL-bound Wolverines from graduating on time. Of course, NFL personnel have always been welcome enough in Ann Arbor, even though the NFL makes a practice of flying college

continued

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players around in the spring of their senior years to pre-draft tryouts and bringing them to rookie camps that frequently coincide with final exams. For the record, one recent study showed that more than 40% of Michigan alumni playing in the NFL hadn't graduated. Also for the record, Mara's Giants have signed their share of non-graduates.

In any case, the USFL has already displayed a knack for creating controversy, something not necessarily incompatible with success in pro sports. Another dispute involves a USFL scheme giving each team the exclusive right to pick players from certain colleges, generally within their own territories, e.g., the Tampa Bay Bandits get the rights to all players from Florida and Florida State. But officials of rival USFL clubs grumbled that George Allen, coach and part owner of the USFL's Chicago Blitz, was approaching players whose rights belonged to other USFL teams. Some observers found it significant, for example, that it was only after Allen signed UCLA tight end (and Chicago Bears' third-round draftee) Tim Wrightman, whose USFL rights belonged to the league's San Diego franchise (since moved to Los Angeles), that a trade with San Diego for those rights was announced.

Similarly, Dick Coury, the coach and general manager of the USFL's New England franchise, which held the USFL rights to former Baltimore Colts Quarterback Greg Landry, was quoted in *The Washington Post* as saying that he dealt those rights to Allen only after the latter had begun negotiations with Landry, whom Allen wound up signing. "I told George I'd like to be able to talk with any players before he does," Coury said wryly. Noting that Allen had had trouble with league rules during his long career as an NFL coach—he once traded a draft choice his team didn't own and on another occasion was blocked in court from jumping from one coaching job to another—Coury called Allen's handling of the Landry deal "semi-aboveboard, which is pretty good for George." Coury also said, "Rozelle couldn't control George for 14 years. If we can somehow do it, we'll already be one step up on the NFL."

Although Coury later denied having spoken so harshly of him, the question of "controlling" Allen was subsequently brought up at a meeting of league officials. But USFL Commissioner Chet Simmons said he had determined that the

signing of Wrightman and Landry had involved no violation of league rules against tampering.

Will spring never arrive?

RENEE STEPS ASIDE

With Renee Richards as her coach and Nancy Lieberman as her trainer, Martina Navratilova has won 59 of 60 matches this year, the first two legs of the Grand Slam and amassed more than \$1 million in prize money. Navratilova, who in the past sometimes seemed emotionally vulnerable, has also displayed signs of the mental toughness she'll need to win her first U.S. Open, which would earn her \$90,000 in prize money and an additional \$500,000 from something called the Playtex Challenge, a \$1 million jackpot offered this year to anybody who won four selected women's events. Navratilova has already received \$500,000 for winning three of them, an Open victory would complete the sweep.

But last week the outward serenity of Navratilova's magnificent season was disturbed by the abrupt resignation of Richards, who had coached her for nearly a year but who now insists that Navratilova can win the tournament with only Lieberman in her corner. "She's a fighter, and Nancy is a pretty positive influence on her," Richards told SI. "There's probably enough mental support from Nancy to carry Martina through." Why did Richards step aside? She says she had resumed her ophthalmology practice on a part-time basis last January and had planned to work at it full time after the U.S. Open but moved up the date because of a personality clash with Lieberman. "Nancy had begun to insert a greater role as Martina's adviser, calling the shots, and I felt I was losing my effectiveness," Richards says. "I began to feel a little left out, a little unappreciated. It was a gradual erosion, but if you want to know a particular incident that punctuated it, I wasn't invited to Nancy's birthday party at Wimbledon. Everyone and their brother was invited but I wasn't."

DEATH OF A CHAMPION

At 3:30 a.m. last Thursday, on a highway north of Queretaro, Mexico, Salvador Sanchez, the WBC featherweight champion, was killed in a collision involving his white 1981 Porsche and two trucks. Police said that "excess speeding on the

part of Sanchez" appeared to be the cause of the collision. Like WBC lightweight champion Alexis Arguello, the 23-year-old Sanchez had only recently come to be fully appreciated by this country's fight fans, although in his native Mexico he had long been a national hero. He had gained ever-wider acceptance as the outstanding featherweight of recent times; not long ago *Ring* magazine ranked him No. 6 in the world among all current boxers, regardless of class. The quickness and crisp punching power with which he won his title in February 1980 from Danny Lopez is still fresh in memory. So is the ease with which he dispatched the formidable Wilfredo Gomez in eight rounds in Las Vegas a year ago.

Barely three weeks before his death, Sanchez defended his title for the ninth time, knocking out Ghana's Azumah Nelson in the 15th round in Madison Square Garden to bring his record to 43-1-1. The next evening he was relaxing in the bar of a Manhattan hotel. Sanchez was full of plans. He had a firm date, he told SI's Clive Gammon, with Juan La Porte at the Garden in September. "Salvador Sanchez will triumph in New York again," he said, a grin spreading over handsome features marked only by a squashed nose, a legacy of his second professional fight, in which he knocked out Miguel Ortiz in 1975. More than anything, though, he said, he looked forward to moving up in weight to challenge Arguello, a match that would surely have preempted every TV set in Latin America. "I want him very much. I have the weaponry to beat him," Sanchez said. Then, with another grin, he declared, "Mi horizonte es muy negro" (My future is very black). This was said in a winking, just-kidding manner, the words rich in irony. Friends clapped him on the back to acknowledge the little jest. His future, in fact, could never have been brighter. Or so it seemed less than a month ago.

THEY SAID IT

• Ernie Banks, former Chicago Cub star and determined positive thinker, asked by a reporter why the team is so "terrible" this season: "Did you hear that? I didn't hear anything. Put that question another way."

• Johnny Carson, discussing the current recession: "There are close to 11 million unemployed and half of them are New York Yankee managers."

END

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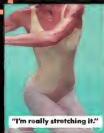
"I'm running low."



"I need some coolant too."



"It's all uphill today."



"I'm really stretching it."



"Where's the 19th hole?"



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Morgan hooked into Scioscia to no avail, missing home plate by a foot.



Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 23, 1982

Suddenly It's The Wild West

As of yore, the Dodgers and Giants found themselves in a real dustup, along with the Padres and the Braves

by RON FIMRITE

CONTINUED

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In his salon, apart from the players' clubhouse, Dodger Manager Tommy Lasorda was entertaining Danny Kaye, the actor-comedian-conductor, who is both a part owner of the Seattle Mariners and an unregenerate Dodger fan. Kaye was expressing amazement that Lasorda's team, an also-ran for most of the season, should suddenly be leading the pack in the National League West. "Danny," said Tommy, "I've always said that a baseball season is just like a horse race. It

ers were in third place, 10½ games behind the Atlanta Braves. Some 24 hours later, after a doubleheader sweep and a single-game victory, they were 7½ back. Ten days later, they were in first place by a half game. They got there, in no small part, by beating Atlanta eight times in that stretch, not that that, in retrospect, seems like much of an achievement, because the Braves contrived to lose 11 in a row before sneaking out a one-run win over the third-place Padres last Saturday night. But what is even more amazing about this abrupt turn of events is that while the Dodgers were making their run, winning eight in a row at one point, the San Francisco Giants, of all people, were matching them stride for stride and then some, winning 10 in succession, including five over the suddenly hapless Braves.

The Dodgers and Giants had come from nowhere to transform a runaway division race into a four-way scramble. And to make matters better, they ran right into each other last week in a four-game series in Los Angeles that was reminiscent of a time in the '50s and '60s when the two were noble adversaries battling each year, it seemed, for the old gonfalon. Lately, of course, the Giants have been the Dodgers' patsies. Until they finally won on Saturday night, they had lost 24 of their last 30 games in Dodger Stadium, including four straight this season.

But thus San Francisco team, led by their implacable manager, Frank Robinson, is made of sterner stuff than the pitiful Giants of recent years. And the series last week represented a return to the good old days of bad blood, beanballs, suspected foul play, brilliant defensive efforts and homers galore. In the fourth inning of the Friday night game, the Dodgers' Pedro Guerrero was hit on the back by a pitch thrown by the Giants' Rich

Gale, who was irritatingly wild inside for most of his five-inning stay. Guerrero, suspecting that this and other Gale dust-ers were thrown with malice aforethought, railed at the pitcher on his way to first base. When Guerrero finally reached the bag, he was advised by Giant First Baseman Reggie Smith that if Gale had indeed grown careless, it was only because he suspected that the Dodgers' Ken Landreaux, leading off second base, had been stealing Giant Catcher Milt May's signs and tipping off the batters. Gale was merely seeking to restore a semblance of honesty to Dodger batsmen with some morality lessons inside.

Guerrero was even more outraged by this intelligence. "I don't need to know anybody's signs to hit," he shouted at Smith in macho pique. To demonstrate his self-reliance, his next time up he hit a three-run homer off Gale's successor, Alan Fowles, icing a 6-1 Dodger win. And for good measure, the Dodger starter and winner, Bob Welch, flattened Jack Clark in the eighth with a pitch fully as sinister as the one that plinked Guerrero. Plate Umpire Ed Montague immediately



Rookie Sax is stealing hearts and bases.

doesn't matter how you start; it's who's under the wire first."

The Dodgers are a long way from the wire, but there they were out front coming into the backstretch, if only by a head. They got there so swiftly that Kaye, not an easy man to surprise, may be forgiven his disbelief. On July 30 the Dod-



Landreaux robbed a Giant homer, was then robbed himself.

issued a warning to Welch that the strike zone, not Clark, was his proper target.

The Dodgers won the opening game Thursday with a four-run eighth inning that severed a 2-2 tie. The Giants came within a literal foot of breaking that tie two innings earlier when Joe Morgan, attempting to score from third on Jeff Leonard's fly to right, was blocked at the plate by Dodger Catcher Mike Scioscia. Morgan rebounded off Scioscia and, from a short distance away, reached out for the plate with his left foot, in the manner of someone attempting to scrape gum off his shoe. Three times Morgan's foot groped for the plate, and, according to Plate Umpire Eric Gregg, he actually reached it on his third try. The trouble was, Scioscia tagged him on his second. Morgan was still fuming over this call two days later. "It changed the whole game around," he grouched.

The Giants also lost a home run in the fifth inning of that game when Landreaux leaped high and reached over the fence in left center to rob Bob Brenly.

Welch was sore-armed in April, but lately he's been throwing aspens.

Home-run larceny was committed in each of the first three games. Clark took one away from Landreaux on Friday, and Dusty Baker, timing his leap perfectly, came down with an over-the-fence sky-buster by Leonard on Saturday. No one reached homers hit Saturday by Chili Davis (on the first pitch of the game, off Dave Stewart) and by Morgan in a 4-2 Giants' win. Nor could any Dodger get back home runs by Darrell Evans and the retaliative Leonard in the Giants' 8-6 win on Sunday—certainly not Fernando Valenzuela, who was shelled for five runs and eight hits in three innings and made the earliest exit of his career.

It was vantage hardball by two of the more interesting teams



Guerrero's on his toes and having his best year.



in the National League. The Dodgers, we must remember, are the world champions, although they hadn't played that way until this month. Their inability to bury the opposition in a division not considered particularly strong had baffled their legion of supporters (they average more than 44,000 spectators a game at home) and their own front office, which got noticeably edgy early in the season.

"We suffered from an inability to put together a sustained effort," opines Rick Monday, the demon substitute and ace philosopher. "People were saying, 'What's wrong with the Dodgers?' when they might have asked themselves, 'What's right with the Braves.'" It's always easier to analyze the negative. Fortunately, we had some positive data left in our memory banks.

Criticism from management was particularly annoying to the players. "I didn't understand how everyone could give up on us so quickly with such a long season ahead," said Baker,

who's one of the few Dodgers who have played consistently well all season. "It makes you aware of what the future may hold."

Ron Cey, who through Sunday had driven in 28 runs in his last 31 games, was even more outspoken about what he considered front-office scare tactics. Constant talk early in the season of replacing veterans with youngsters from the crack Albuquerque Triple A farm club was "disrupting" and "insulting," according to Cey, 34. "All that nonsense about making a move here and a move there was upsetting to players who had proved they were winners. You got the feeling that half the club wasn't even here yet, that we couldn't take the team picture without [Greg] Brock and [Candy] Maldonado (two Triple A Albuquerque fishes). It affected me personally, and I know it affected others. I don't care how old you are if you can still do the job. I don't know of many teams this successful who've had to face this dilemma. It's almost as if they're saying nothing is good enough. There was a lot going on here that didn't need to be going on. When they finally decided to leave us alone, we got back to playing baseball."

An improved state of mind is one thing. Physical improvement is another. The Dodgers have profited from the sea-

continued



Cey's swinging an angry bat and Garvey's getting dirty, dodging the young ghosts.

WILD WEST continued

son-long superior pitching of Welch, whose win on Friday was his fifth straight. Until Smith homered off him in the final inning, Welch hadn't allowed an earned run in 24 innings. His 14 victories (against seven losses) are second only to the 15 (with nine losses) of Valenzuela, who has established that his rookie season was no fluke. But back in April, Welch looked more like a candidate for elbow surgery than for the Cy Young Award. The team left him behind at the conclusion of spring training for treatment of a sore right arm. He recovered and, with Valenzuela, has been a mainstay ever since, which is fortunate because Burt Hooton has been on and off the disabled list for much of the year after being struck just above the right knee by a line drive in spring training.

The Dodgers' offensive spark has been provided by Steve Sax, a confident youngster of 22 who has successfully made the jump from Double A to the majors. "I was like someone blindfolded at first," Sax says, "but things have gone well." On Friday, Sax stole his 41st base, setting a record for Dodger rookies. He doffed his cap to the crowd of 47,702, and smiled broadly, if not entirely ingenuously. "He is confident, to say the least," says Cey,

"but his real test is yet to come." At week's end, Sax was leading the league in hits and was among the leaders in runs and steals. Sax grew up in Sacramento and had been a Giant fan until he signed with the Dodgers out of James Marshall



Says Robby, "He's ripped me publicly."

Jack Jumps All Over Candlestick

Money isn't one of them, but Jack Clark, 26, does have his problems. And to hear him talk about them, the average annual salary of \$1.3 million he'll receive from the San Francisco Giants through 1985 is scarcely compensation for the woe that besides him. Where does one begin? At the ball park, probably. Clark doesn't like playing in Candlestick Park. That hardly qualifies him as a crank. No one likes playing in Candlestick Park. It's windy there.

High School. "I loved the Giants," he says, "but now I want to put them out of the race, get rid of them."

Guerrero, whose 23 homers and 74 RBIs are already career highs, has, with Baker (.312 average, 20 homers, 68 RBIs), taken up the slack for Steve Garvey, whose .271 average at week's end was his highest for the year. Garvey's contract is up, and the feeling is that he may be a victim of the coming youth movement. Cey's young ghosts are real for this old (33) Blue.

The Giants haven't been without turmoil of their own (see box below), but as opposed to previous San Francisco teams, this one does more playing than complaining. It's an entirely different team from the one that had its first winning season since 1978 last year, Robinson's first as manager. The starting rotation has included three 24-year-old rookies—Bill Laskey, Atlee Hammaker and Fowles (who was sent to the minors Sunday)—and on the field the Giants are an improbable mixture of youth and age. Tom O'Malley, 21, is a frequent starter at third and fellow rookie Davis, 22, is a

It's cold. Balls that fly out of, say, Aflac-Fulton County Stadium are out at "The Stick." And, says Clark, the field is too slow, the batter's box too bumpy, and the chain link outfield fences that you can see through from home plate look unreachable. The ball park, he says, keeps him from being the superstar he feels he should be.

But that isn't the half of it. The Bay Area press harps on his mistakes, Clark says, at the expense of his accomplishments. So what if he starts off the field before there are three outs—he's done it twice. How about when he throws a runner out at the plate, gets a game-winning RBI (he had a league-leading 18 in '80) or blasts towering homers, some into the teeth of Candlestick gales (he's averaged almost 21 home runs in his five full seasons)?

Clark's biggest problem the last two years has been with his manager, the immortal Frank Robinson. Robinson and Clark get along about as well as Begin and Arafat. Clark thinks Robinson publicly criticizes his players too often, particularly an outfielder named Clark. Robinson hasn't tried to help him. Clark says Robinson replies that Clark doesn't ask for help and that if he did, he'd get it. Besides, as he has told the newspapers, Clark doesn't help the team when he's not hitting, because he won't bunt, doesn't run the bases very well and is erratic in the outfield.

When Robinson was inducted into the Hall

regular in center, along with such gray-beards as Morgan, 38, at second and Smith, 37, at first. But these two geezers have sparked the recent drive, and at week's end were hitting .297 and .315, respectively. Smith's career seemed over after he had only 35 at bats with the Dodgers in '81 and became a free agent, but Robinson needed him to play first, and he has been more than a pleasant surprise, raising his average 53 percentage points in his last 18 games. At 162 pounds Morgan is 14 pounds lighter than he was a year ago and is playing swift and lean. "The older you get, the more people tell you that you can't do what you used to," he says. "Well, as much as you don't want to listen to that, things do seep in. People kept telling me that I should go to the opposite field more and that I needed to build up my strength by lifting weights. I did, and I got heavier. But quickness is my game, and I decided to go back to it. In spring training [Cub Coach] Billy Williams told me my bat seemed to him just as quick as ever. That gave me more confidence."

Robinson, tinkering most of the year,



L.A. can always count on the able Baker.

had finally assembled the lineup he wanted when Shortstop Johnnie LeMaster aggravated a thigh-muscle injury Saturday in Los Angeles. That necessitated moving Morgan from second to third, transferring Evans from third to short and bring-

ing in Duane Kuiper to play second. With Smith on first, that infield averaged 35.5 years of age per man. Additional tinkering is now indicated. But with it all, even so celebrated a dissident as Clark can say, "We've stuck together as a team. Sure, some guys get frustrated when they're not playing, but when it comes time for them to pinch-hit, they come through. It's a team effort. Everybody is making a contribution. I'm real proud to be on this team."

But the Dodgers, who staved off the Giants' rush last weekend, will be hard to catch down the stretch. In their trying, of course, will be the Braves, who ended up losing three out of four to the Padres over the weekend, leaving them 1½ and 2½ games, respectively, out of first place, along with the Giants, who were four games out. But up ahead there seemed to be an awful lot of Dodger blue. When it was suggested to Robinson that his team may have "cooled the Dodgers off," he smiled almost sadly, and replied, "We beat them, but we didn't cool them off."

That may not happen until they reach the wire. **END**

of Fame on Aug. 1, Clark told one Bay Area reporter that the manager's missing a couple of games was a plan for the team. Clark asked to be traded earlier in the year, a suggestion General Manager Tom Haller dismissed. "Anybody is entitled to express his feelings," says Haller, "but Jack is obligated to us through '85. Jack isn't malicious in what he says. We just wish he'd use more insight."

Clark is, in fact, a likable young man who, after reciting a litany of complaints, can say in all innocence, "I hope I don't sound too negative." But, just as he does with the number of outs, he seems on occasion to lose track of what he's saying. And there are contradictions. He may hate Candlestick, but although he was reared in Southern California, he loves the Bay Area and may live there permanently (he has a wife and two daughters).

"I've said I want to be traded," says Clark, "but I don't want people to think I'm a troublemaker. Maybe some of it is immaturity—the way I talk about Frank. I know I should take a lot of blame for the way we've gotten along, but I think Frank has to accept some of that blame, too. It hasn't been all just me."

Not even his severest critics suggest that Clark doesn't give his all. His mind may wander from time to time, but many of his fielding mistakes result from overzealousness. And if he could hit in the month of April, he might yet become a Triple Crown winner.

Clark batted .190 for that month this year, with only two homers and 11 RBIs. Last year, he was .179 in April, with two homers and eight RBIs. Clark can't account for these dismal starts, although, as with most things, he blames the home-field disadvantage. The transition from spring training in sunny Arizona to the brisk April of Candlestick leaves him cold, he says. Whatever the reason, he soon recovers. Clark hit .315 with 11 homers in the second half of the divided 1981 season and he now ranks among the National League leaders in homers (22) and RBIs (76), and has raised his average to a respectable .260.

Robinson generously credits Clark's resurgence as a contribution to the team's recent good play. "He's been able to separate the two [his feelings and his performance]," says Robinson. "I let players do their job and expect them to let me do mine. Some of the things I say may not sit so well. I know that. I said once that Johnnie LeMaster was hurting the club by not going to rightfield more. LeMaster came to me and talked about it. Jack Clark hasn't done that. I've gone to him and tried to help him. Each time he's ripped me publicly."

Recently, the two antagonists agreed to stop "ripping" each other publicly. "We've made a kind of peace," says Clark. "I don't expect him to forget about a lot of things and neither will I. Some things hurt. I don't think our attitude has changed toward each other,



Says Clark, "It hasn't been all just me."

But now at least we have some respect."

Reggie Smith, one of the team's elder statesmen, believes Clark has to decide what's more important to him: achieving recognition elsewhere or helping the Giants. "I hope he stays here," says Smith. "He's the yardstick, the highest-paid player. It's a helluva burden, but he's got to accept the responsibility. Maybe Jack is just a little shy of maturity now. So what? I gained my maturity late. There's no reason he can't do the same."

A counterman at a shop on San Francisco's Lombard Street put in the fan's way: "I just wish Jack Clark would shut up and play ball."

—RON FIMRETE



Yes, Folks, He Can Take A Hit

Renaldo Nehemiah cleared his first hurdle in the NFL neatly, and intact

by RALPH WILEY

Renaldo Nehemiah could have been excused if he had been overwhelmed by it all, even though, superficially, it was only an NFL exhibition. But his first game as a San Francisco 49er was also the final Bay Bowl, which annually has pitted Oakland against San Francisco and from which the Jester had emerged as Super Bowl champion the past two years. Here were the storm troopers in the defensive backfield of what are now the L.A. or A.L. (Al Davis) Raiders. This was national television, and Nehemiah, the world-record holder in high hurdles, was The Experiment. Nehemiah wasn't to be spared despite a right hamstring the 49ers said was strained but Nehemiah thought was pulled. He suited up, which was unexpected; he was called, also a surprise, and he answered with authority. He made two catches, a quick out for nine yards and a down-and-in for 12, which, with a rather nifty move, he turned into 19. And he made it look easy.

"I was a little surprised," said San Francisco Coach Bill Walsh after the Raiders had won, 17-14. "He didn't give one indication of nervousness before the game. He was smiling. He certainly is a unique individual."

Nehemiah in fact appeared to be playing championship-level NFL football at a skill position despite having zero college experience. Everyone from Dallas' vice-president for personnel development, Gil Brandt, to Raider Cornerback Lester Hayes had thought it would be at least one year before Nehemiah could really

contribute. But after Saturday's game, Walsh, who last April signed Nehemiah to a four-year contract that could amount to \$1.5 million, and had suggested that 12 to 15 catches would be a reasonable output for the rookie this season, said, "I think now there's reason to believe he'll be a factor this year."

"This was my first stepping-stone," said Nehemiah. "Actually, a lot of pressure was off, especially after running patterns against the NFL's best secondary in practice all week. And failing."

Indeed, Nehemiah had been targeted by the 49ers' aggressive young defensive backs during camp. But there his hamstring had spared him. "He was hurting when we first got here," said Cornerback Ronnie Lott. "Walsh kept us away from him." Safety Dwight Hicks said, "He had to keep us away from him. We would have destroyed him."



After Nehemiah caught his second pass (left), a 12-yarder from Clark, he scooted around Davis and headed upfield.



"I had track men before, Jim Hanes and John Smith," said CBS analyst and former Raider Coach John Madden. "It's difficult for them. Not the contact so much as the cutting, the understanding of routes, the defensive recognition." Not to mention the disconcerting effect of large, swift, helmeted beings whizzing about.

"I was a track athlete in college," said the 49ers' new tight end, Russ Francis, who holds the national high school record of 259'9" in the javelin. "I played only one year of football at Oregon. I was around world-class track athletes in Eugene. They had three things in common—heart, concentration and confidence. He can cope with the contact. What Remold has to learn is how to catch the football while he is coping with the rest."

Nehemiah had seemed subdued earlier in the week. He had missed a number of practices. "A lot of guys thought he was just taking it easy," said Lott. The hamstring injury had occurred two weeks before the Raider game, near the end of a vigorous practice. Nehemiah stretched to catch a sideline throw and the hamstring gave. "And I can't remember ever having had a hamstring pull," Nehemiah lamented, said Francis. "His legs are his pride, everything to him. It had to be hard on him."

The 49ers designated Nehemiah "questionable" for the game, which was considered just as well, because the Raiders



Nehemiah has good hands as well as good ears.

ers are known for their rough treatment of receivers. "They say this team hits hard, or that team hits hard," said the 23-year-old rookie. "I'm 177 pounds. To me, they all hit hard."

When Nehemiah entered his first NFL game, 11:40 remained to play in the second quarter. On second-and-17 from the Raiders' 37-yard line he showed how valuable the threat of his speed could be. He lined up wide right, in front of Hayes, who retreated immediately into a deep zone. At the snap, Raider Safety Mike Davis also moved to Nehemiah's area. The play was a screen to the other side to Running Back Amos Lawrence for 19 yards and a first down, which led to the 49ers' first touchdown.

Nehemiah's next series came in the third quarter. On second-and-two from the Raiders' 49-yard line, Nehemiah

lined up wide right. The Raiders zoned and Safety Ken Hill's responsibility was the quick out, which Nehemiah ran. Guy Benjamin's throw was a trifle behind Nehemiah. He gathered the ball against his pads and eluded Hill before being tackled by Cornerback James Davis. He then grinned unabashedly as his teammates gave him taps of congratulation and acceptance.

"I was impressed with his overall performance, but I wasn't as dubious as the rest of the guys," said Hill, who as a sprinter for Yale had competed against Nehemiah in a track meet. "I knew he was a competitor."

With 13:35 left in the final quarter, Nehemiah, flanked right once again, drove to the inside of James Davis, positioned himself like a veteran for an outside move, and then broke back inside. He caught rookie Quarterback Bryan Clark's short pass and executed a fine cutback move, making it look innate. Lott, a hard critic, was impressed. "I think his confidence and his competitiveness will carry him farther than his speed will," he said.

Madden said that in leaving track for the football field, Nehemiah was "going from driving on a country road to the Los Angeles freeways." But Nehemiah, for once in his life, was in no hurry, merely adjusting to the pace of the traffic. "If I start trying to prove things," he said, "I'll outstart myself. There's still so much that I have to learn."

END



showing fancy footwork on his way to a 19-yard gain. And when he was tackled, he held on to the ball.





Alone In The Eye Of The Hurricane

While controversy raged over referees, politics, even religion, at the World Wrestling Championships, a quiet American won the only U.S. gold

by **CRAIG NEFF**

The goings-on were loud, angry and chaotic. Tim Vanni of Porterville, Calif. and Mohammad Bazmavar of Iran, a pair of exceedingly quick 105.5-pounders, were on the mat at the XXI World Freestyle Wrestling Championships in Edmonton, Alberta last Thursday night, going at each other like alley cats, trading takedowns, counters and near-falls in their quarterfinal bout. Vanni's nose was bleeding; Bazmavar complained that Vanni had bitten him on the back. The U.S. coaches challenged a scoring decision. Then the Iranians did. Bazmavar, upset at another call, sat down on the mat and whined at the referee. Up in the

Two nights before he struck gold, Kemp got a firm grasp on Finland's Pekka Rauhala.

bleachers, Iranian spectators waved their nation's flags and chanted for Bazmavar, Allah and their homeland. "Ee-rrron! Ee-rrron! Ee-rrron!" "An American contingent responded "U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!" The two cheering sections exchanged taunts and curses.

With 40 seconds left, Vanni spun behind Bazmavar for a one-point takedown and a 12-11 lead. Bazmavar spun behind Vanni to tie it. With five seconds left, Vanni charged straight at Bazmavar and tackled him. At the buzzer, Bazmavar was on his back, a 15-12 loser. Kiasmen Sports Center throbbed with noise. "U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!" The Iranians, whistling and jeering, showered the mat with their flags. They shouted insults at the Americans, the judges and Vanni. Canadians joined in to drown them out. "U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!"

When Vanni went over and offered his hand to the Iranian coach, the coach refused to shake it. He turned his back and stormed off. Welcome to the world championships.

Vanni's match was typical: this meet was an adventure. Following a winter of excellent performances in international dual meets and the World Cup, the Americans had seemed ready to make their best world-championship showing ever—and they came close. Their total of four medals (out of a possible 10) fell three short of the alltime U.S. high of seven won in San Diego in 1979, but the U.S. also placed three wrestlers fourth and another sixth, and finished second in the team standings behind the Soviet Union. Two-time world champion Lee Kemp of Madison, Wis. became three-time world champion Lee Kemp. All things considered, the U.S. performance was a minor miracle.

The team had suffered a series of setbacks starting in July, when its only 1981 gold medalist, 181.5-pound Chris Campbell of Ames, Iowa, had to skip the trials in Colorado Springs because of a back ailment. He was replaced by Dave Schultz of Norman, Okla., a natural 163-pounder

with no world-championship experience. Schultz would give away 18 pounds in every match. Fat chance for a medal there, it seemed. Then, at a grueling five-week training camp in Colorado Springs, nearly every team member was injured. America's best gold-medal prospect, 105.5-pound Bob Weaver of Easton, Pa., tore ligaments in his right knee. Kemp, a 163-pounder, suffered a severe gash over his right eye and had it reopened. The 136.5-pound starter, Leroy Smith of Stillwater, Okla., separated his left shoulder. And so on. In early August the team limped into Edmonton.

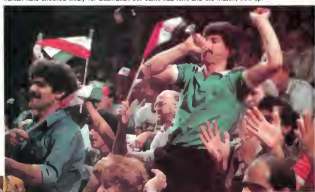
There on Monday night, Aug. 9, roughly 36 hours before the start of the four-day championships, Smith slipped in a puddle in the athletes' dorm at the University of Alberta, crashed to the floor and re-separated his shoulder. He was out of the meet. The next morning Weaver also was scratched. His knee hadn't healed. That left the U.S. with

eight healthy wrestlers. Or possibly seven. Heavyweight Bruce Baumgartner of Indiana State, the 1982 NCAA champion, broke out in facial blisters. Several U.S. team officials, afraid that Baumgartner's condition might be contagious, decided he, too, probably shouldn't compete. In wrestling jargon, this kind of a mess is called a predicament.

Fortunately, National Coach Stan Dziedzic knew where to find three replacements: eastern Montana. Vanni and 136.5-pound Randy Lewis of Rapid City, S. Dak., runners-up to Weaver and Smith at the trials, were in a van somewhere north of Billings, on their way to Edmonton to watch the meet. Vanni had been calling Dziedzic regularly to check on Weaver's knee. "I really didn't think they'd need me, though," he said. When Vanni called Tuesday afternoon from a McDonald's in Great Falls, he learned otherwise. "Get up here immediately," he was instructed. "And tell Lewis to

continued

Iranian fans cheered wildly for Bazmavar, but Vanni had him, and the match, tied up.





Lewis (in blue) thought he'd beaten Sterev 13-12, but a protest brought him down.

WORLD WRESTLING *continued*

start cutting weight." When he heard this, Lewis, 13 pounds too heavy, nearly choked on his Chicken McNuggets. Then he spit out a mouthful.

At the Great Falls airport, finding that there were no flights to Edmonton, Lewis and Vanni chartered a Cessna from Rocky Mountain Air for \$691. "Good thing Randy had his American Express card," said Vanni. Joining them for the trip to Edmonton was heavyweight Gary Albright, the runner-up to Baumgartner at the trials, who had flown up from his parents' home in Billings.

What the three summoned wrestlers found in Edmonton, at their first world championships, was a truly international atmosphere. The Turks had come with large red national flags, the Japanese with movie cameras. India had sent the referee in the burgundy turban. The Soviets, who would win an astounding seven gold medals, had, as always, brought the best wrestlers. Poland was distinctive for its friendly, 7-foot, 300-pound heavyweight, Adam Sandkowski, an immediate crowd favorite. "He looks just like that Jaws guy from the James Bond movies," said Kemp with awe. And, thanks to the Iranians, the Americans found another

familiar face papering the halls and elevators of their dorm—the Ayatollah Khomeini, that old 140-pounder. "We scraped off every last poster," said Dziedzic, smiling broadly.

The Iranians also stuck meet officials with nettlesome problems. They disrupted matches with pro- and anti-Khomeini demonstrations, and their 181.5-pound wrestler asked for political asylum. At the first weigh-in, some of their wrestlers refused to strip down for the examining physician—grounds for disqualification. "They're not allowed to show their genitals," Dziedzic explained. Islam, not politics. But wrestling is Iran's national sport, so the wrestlers finally dropped their objections. Trying to keep peace amid all this were the host Canadians, who put up a poster that read, GOOD LUCK—EM!

Luck did matter. As "luck" had it, former Olympic heavyweight champion Alexander Medved of the Soviet Union kept showing up to referee crucial U.S. matches. "Medved always screws the hell out of us," said one American coach. Indeed, questionable officiating in a 3-3 "criteria loss" to a Russian cost Marine Sergeant Greg Gibson of Quantico, Va., the defending silver medalist, a berth in the 220-pound finals; though he's the best wrestler in his division, Gibson came in third. Andre Metzger of Norman, who was on his way to a medal in the 149.5-pound class, had the misfortune to injure his neck in his next-to-last bout, he finished fourth. And because of the outcome of other wrestlers' matches—and the vagaries of the scoring system—Vanni ended up in sixth place, two positions behind Bazmavar. Figure it out: Both lost twice and Vanni defeated Bazmavar head-to-head. "Not bad on a day-and-a-half's notice," said Vanni.

Albright, however, had wasted a trip. On Thursday morning, when the heavyweight competition began, the U.S. coaches, doctors and Baumgartner himself decided he would wrestle. "No one's sure what he's got, anyway," said Dziedzic. "As far as I'm concerned it's just some blotches." Said team doctor Robert Culver, "It might be what we used to call barber's itch. I told him, 'If anyone asks, tell them you shaved too close.'"

Baumgartner was still distracted by
continued



Gibson threw Canada's Rich Deschatelets, was tossed himself by a neophyte referee.

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the whole thing when he went up against defending world champion Salman Khasimikov of the U.S.S.R. in the first round. Khasimikov beat him up 8-2, and Baumgartner failed to place in the meet. At one point in their match Khasimikov, who weighs about 280 pounds, lifted the 260-pound Baumgartner onto his shoulder like a sack of, oh, imported grain, then dizzied him with three 360-degree helicopter turns and took him to the mat for four points. Like the other Soviet medalists—and there was one in each of the 10 weight classes—Khasimikov was technically superior as well as strong; despite a 14-inch height disadvantage, he put away Sandourski 5-1 in the finals.

Schultz, America's underweight fill-in at 181.5, was also handling larger opponents with surprising ease. He had his only troubles back at the dorm. On Thursday night his wife, Nancy, disappeared for half an hour, sending him into a panic. "I thought she was cheating on me," he later joked. Actually, she was still in the building, trapped in a dumb-waiter. "It looked like an elevator," she explained. The following afternoon Schultz sat around his room trying to remember how old he is. He had been knocked in the head during a 9-4 victory over a Polish wrestler. "My IQ dropped 10 points," said Schultz.

But on Friday night Schultz used his smarts and won the bronze medal from Akira Ohta of Japan. Even though Schultz had bulked all the way up to 168 pounds, his wiry physique made Ohta look like a rice dumpling. "A wrestler puts on eight or nine pounds between the morning weigh-in and evening matches," said Driedzie. "Ohta must have weighed 190." Schultz's quick moves had Ohta looking positively elephantine. Schultz built up a 12-2 lead, then pinned Ohta with 59 seconds remaining.

The most pleasant surprise for the Americans, however, was the kill-or-be-killed wrestling of Lewis. After shedding his extra pounds by exercising inside roughly 39 layers of sweats, Lewis went out, pinned two opponents and clobbered another 15-3. On Saturday morning he was brilliant in winning a 13-12 decision over defending champion Simeon Sieriev of Bulgaria. With that victory, Lewis had apparently reached the 136.5-pound finals. He leaped into the air with joy and whooped and danced. And then he crashed to earth.

The Bulgarians protested the match, saying the referee had overlooked a two-point move by Sieriev. They won. The Americans filed a counter-protest, claiming that Lewis, too, had been denied points, for putting Sieriev on his back as time expired in the match. He very obviously had. But because the clock wasn't visible on the videotape of the match to prove that Lewis had scored before time expired, the protest committee refused to grant him any points. Lewis, dispirited, got sloppy in the consolation final and lost by a fall. Instead of winning a gold or silver, he finished fourth.

"I feel so bad for Randy. I was all pumped up about him making the finals," said Kemp, who seemed genuinely down. "I always get more out of my friends' winning than my own." However, after 114.5-pound World Cup champion Joe Gonzales of Montebello, Calif. lost a tough 10-8 decision on Saturday and had to settle for third place, Kemp had to get himself up: He was America's last hope for a gold medal.

Kemp, a quiet MBA student at the University of Wisconsin, is the reason Schultz moved out of the 163-pound weight class. Now 25, Kemp is easily America's most accomplished wrestler, the only one ever to win four World Cup titles or more than one world championship (he had triumphed in 1978 and '79). Just seven other Americans have won even one world championship. But if Kemp did beat Czechoslovakia's Dan Karabin on Saturday night, he would move into the even more elite company of wrestlers who have finished first in three world championships.

Kemp took to the mat looking like an embodiment of America's fortunes at the meet. His right hand was taped to protect injured knuckles, and a bandage covered his swollen right eyebrow. The eyebrow had been torn open on Thursday night and then stitched up for the third time in a month. Not that the injury would slow Kemp down: He's already the most deliberate, cautious wrestler around. In the three matches preceding the final, Kemp

had won by scores of 2-1, 1-0 and 3-2.

Schultz was sitting with friends in the stands as the bout began. "Kemp's gonna blow this guy out—2-0 or 3-0 at least," he told them. He wasn't kidding. Kemp and Karabin stayed on their feet virtually the entire six minutes, each playing defense. Kemp's attack consisted of six or eight tries at single-leg tangles. He scored on three of them and won 3-0. Even the Iranians almost fell asleep.

"That's just how I am," said Kemp, who celebrated his victory by just sort of standing there. "Even outside wrestling I've always envied people who are real outgoing, people who can get all fired up. But that's just not me." The meet probably needed a few calm moments, anyway.

When Schultz walked by a bit later in the evening, Kemp pointed at him. "That guy's good," he said. "Third at 180, wow. That's amazing. He could medal at 163 every year. But I'm sure glad he didn't do it here." Kemp, an intense, serious man, now smiled. "That would have meant I wasn't on the team." Even in Edmonton, that was one spot on the U.S. roster that was more than safe. **END**

The 7-foot Sandourski was toppled by Khasimikov.



HAVING A BALL AT



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD JACKSON

THE BEACH



Volleyball hit the Southern California beaches in 1949, and a tough six-man game became a frantic two-man game. The airborne Karch Kiraly (above) and Christopher St. John Smith have won the Cuervo World Championships twice. At left, winning last year at Redondo Beach, Kiraly prepares to smite, while Smith is all eyes at the net. Up the coast a ways at Santa Barbara, Carol Revello also clicked with the onlookers.

Crowds like this one at Redondo aren't unusual, and a new July event, at Clearwater, Fla., has been added to the old five-stop, all-California pro tour. Prize money for the tour now



totals \$67,000; when Matt Gage (below) won the first event which offered prize money, in '73, his share was only \$75. At right, Theresa Lee Smith ambles off with \$50 for being runner-up in a Miss Cuervo contest.







The spike return, volleyball's most dynamic play, can smash the sand—or a brave defender's arm—at 100 mph. Here Gary Hooper drives back a crowding fan. Above, Kiraly, a four-time All-America at UCLA, sets up another spike. A grizzled fan is well fortified for the action, and for Vicki Sue Benson, L.A.'s Miss Cuervo.

In the morning the flagsicks had thrown their long shadows toward the sea like fishermen casting lines. Now in the mid-day sun, the pins reeled their shadows back onto the greens. On the veranda of the Paradise Island Golf Club, a set of wind chimes answered nearby church bells, and a voice chirruped like a cicada from the shrubbery.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MOORE

"Sweet Bells, what it is, mon?" said the onlooker. "A big fella like you, Bells, you gwan tear dat course up today?"

"Yes, mon. I think today is the day."

"Oh, Bells, tell me de truth now. Do Moses Malone play golf? Dat big fella, he must hit de ball a long way, unless he miss it and fall on his boongie. Ho, ho, Bells! What a boongie dat Moses has got.



And tell me, mon, which of dem devils is harder to play de basketball—Moses or Jabbar? Such big fellas, Bells!”

“They’re both tough, mon. Hard to choose.”

“Now Moses, dat’s a workin’ fool, Bells. But I think Kareem, he gotten lazy from all dem years in de NBA. Magic Johnson, dat’s my mon. And Darryl Dawkins, Bells! How big dat mon is!”

Mychal (Sweet Bells) Thompson of the Trail Blazers doesn’t want any ringing changes for his native Bahamas, just one real basketball court

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

He Puts The Court Before The Horse

The wind chimes sounded again, and they were the last sound 6’ 10” Mychal (Sweet Bells) Thompson heard above the purring of his golf cart as he punched the accelerator and sped off, his laugh ululating up the fairways.

Thompson has returned to Nassau every summer since he left the island a decade ago. Even when he is an awayward Oregon, playing center for the Portland Trail Blazers, his heart and soul are never far from the Bahamas. There have been nights in his four-season NBA career when it appeared that his mind was in the Bahamas, too, which has caused some to believe that he lacks intensity.

As the golf cart approached the fourth tee, Thompson began talking about the relaxed life-style of the Bahamian people, product of a culture that would have to lean forward before it could even be described as laid back. “Like everybody else down here,” Thompson said, “I’m so laid back it seems like nothing ever affects me. I think it has a lot to do with my background. In the islands, everybody is really mellow and they don’t let things get to them. I don’t like to get too upset, and that shows on the basketball court. I know sometimes it bothers Jack Ramsay like Trail Blazers’ head coach because it seems like I’m not really trying. But I just keep it all inside of me.”

Thompson was lying eight—he’d lost two balls—when he took his first shot from a sand trap near a lagoon. The next shot sliced into another lagoon. When his next stroke carried only five feet, Thompson heaved his five-iron and nearly clubbed a duck. His next shot struck a tree and went out of bounds, the ball followed in short order by a thrown eight-iron. After he had holed out, Thompson ambled back to the cart and laughed. “When you grow up with the sea breeze blowing through the palm trees,” he said, “there isn’t much that bothers you.” And with that he was off again, terrorizing ducks and ringing with laughter. Sweet Bells.

Pro basketball is a sport whose season closely approximates the school year.
continued

Thompson feels his homeland should harness its resources in the direction of sports.



At his Nassau camp, Belts teaches big D to little kids.

MYCHAL THOMPSON continued

and perhaps that's why so many NBA players tend to act like children. For them, summer vacation is customarily that period when they can do all the exciting things they don't have time for during the season. For instance, they can demand to have their contracts renegotiated. Or they can endorse auto accessory shops. But if a pro player is lucky enough to be both rich and famous, he can open his own summer basketball camp and gouge a few middle-class families for a lot of money teaching their kids things like passing, defense and teamwork—all disciplines the pro player probably abandoned years ago.

However, there have been some exceptions. Atlanta's Mike Glenn has run free camps for hearing-impaired players on Long Island for the past three years, and Tiny Archibald of the Celtics operates free youth-development programs in New York and Boston. And then there was the third annual free Mychal Thompson/Oshorne Lockhart Basketball Camp, which ended Aug. 6 and which differed from most camps in a number of ways, not the least of them being the opening ceremonies. Two members of the Bahamian parliament were

there to deliver words of encouragement to the 400 or so children from New Providence Island who had shown up.

The arriving campers wore a dizzying array of footwear. Some were shod in sturdy leather brogans, others in sandals, many in gym shoes they received free at the camp last year, and a few were barefoot or wearing only socks. The 24-piece Bahamas Boys' Brigade Band played a touching rendition of *Get Involved*, then Perry Christie, the Bahamian Minister of Tourism, began his remarks by describing Thompson as "one of the greatest Bahamians ever born." Christie might have been guilty of skimping a bit in his praise of Lockhart, who plays for the Harlem

Globetrotters, but it was Thompson whom the government approached with the idea of a camp and Thompson who kept it going. He had become an instant national hero when the Blazers made him the first pick in 1978's NBA draft, and his popularity had continued to grow each time he returned to the islands. Now the Minister of Tourism was listing all of Thompson's accomplishments, concluding

with the new \$1.2 million-a-year contract Portland had just given him. "Sweet Belts Thompson did more for this country with basketball," Christie finished grandly, "than Neil Armstrong did for America by walking on the moon."

The Bahamian government hopes that future Mychal Thompsons will be discovered in camps such as this one, and that they will go forth into the world saying, "It's better in the Bahamas." "Whenever you bring out one diamond," Christie says, "there must be others, too."

The messages of political progress through sports are everywhere in the Bahamas. The cover of the Nassau phone directory exhorts sports fans, which is meant to reach out and touch someone. "The Bahamas, by its very nature, can never be an industrial power, a financial power or a military power," says Kendal Nottage, the Minister of Youth, Sports and Community Affairs, "but we can be a sporting power. One athlete from the Bahamas competing in the Olympic Games can beat Russia, beat the United States. We approach sports in the Bahamas as an integral part of our overall national development. We're not interested in the professor who can teach philosophy in the classroom but can't run a lap in track or shoot a basketball."

But there's a long way to go. "I get up every morning and run for an hour and a half on the beach," says Pablo Adderley, 22, a star of the Nassau playgrounds. "I tell you true, mon, I don't know where I get all dis energy to play all day. All I do is work out, work out, work out, and then there ain't nothin' happenin'.

Dis place is like a lost island."

The Commonwealth of the Bahamas is an archipelago of some 700 islands and cays that stretch across 100,000 square miles in the iridescent waters of the Atlantic. But nowhere on any of these hugging islands is there as much as one wooden basketball floor. Most courts are outdoors and made of asphalt, and what few gyms there are tend to have concrete floors overlaid with a thin sheet of rubber. When the Bahamian government decided more than 10 years ago to construct some indoor basketball surfaces, the islands were still under British colonial rule. So architects from England designed the

Standing 6' 10" isn't Thompson's only handicap.



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floors. "We're 60 miles off the coast of the United States," Thompson says, "and they have a bunch of Englishmen build their basketball floors. That's like hiring Americans to design cricket fields."

Although the camp and his own popu-

larity give Thompson a certain amount of leverage, it hasn't helped him persuade the Bahamian government to start a building program. "These Bahamians are so talented in sports," he says, "but they don't have the facilities. Compare the

Bahamas to Cuba. Castro is crazy about sports, and look how successful Cuba has been. Our government is too narrow-minded to see what's needed, or it just doesn't care." The thing that seems to bother Thompson most is the absence of a proper floor. "You play in even high school gyms in the States and you get spoiled," he says. "In America every neighborhood has a decent gym, and in this whole country we don't have one."

It isn't uncommon in the Bahamas to see great leapers on the asphalt playgrounds, players like the 5' 9" Adderley, who can dunk with two hands and easily block taller players' shots. "On a wood floor, mon," says Pablo. "I could jump over the moon." As it is, he's often unable to make proper cuts because of the fine layer of sand that covers the outdoor courts. Last year he nearly broke an ankle trying to make a sudden move on a rubber-covered indoor surface. The prospect of serious injury is never far from a player's mind. In the Bahamas there's a saying, "If you like it, let it kill you." If you like basketball too much, it just might.

Nottage, a 42-year-old lawyer, insists that the government is moving toward constructing a multi-use arena with a wooden basketball floor. Meanwhile, on the government's priority list, basketball comes after track and softball.

Thompson has been lobbying hard for a decent basketball facility since he shattered a bone in his left leg while playing on a cement court in Nassau three years ago. The injury caused him to miss his entire second NBA season and, as a result, he won't play basketball when he's in the Bahamas. "I'm scared to death of those floors," he says. "Playing on that kind of surface is the

same as playing soccer on concrete."

The 27-year-old Thompson didn't start playing basketball until he was 16. His father, who operates an import-export business in Nassau, had encouraged his seven children to participate in sports, but it wasn't until he joined a church league that Mychal realized that he might be any good at hoops. In one of his first games he grabbed 61 rebounds, and in another he blocked 22 shots. Even so, Thompson was having too much fun as the 6' 5" quarterback on a local football team to get serious about basketball. But when his older brother Colin insisted he exploit his basketball talent, Mychal began to think about leaving the islands for the first time in his life. Colin knew about lost opportunity. Not long before that, he was a long-ball-hitting prospect whom the Los Angeles Dodgers had assigned to their Double A farm team in Albuquerque. Following his first spring training, however, he packed up and headed back to the islands. "That's the way Bahamians are," Mychal says. "They think they can do everything right away, and you can't tell them any differently once they've made up their minds. That's why I was lucky to get away when I was young and still had a lot to learn. Too many Bahamians don't leave until they're older, and by then they have attitude problems."

A friend of Thompson's who was playing for Jackson High School in Miami offered him a place to stay. That was in 1972. Thompson could think of no logical reason not to go. "I was raw," Thompson says. "I had never played in front of a crowd before in my life, and even though I was only a half-hour flight from Nassau, I felt like I was in another world. I was so nervous before my first game I almost passed out."

Lockhart, who would later wind up at the University of Minnesota with Thompson, was already playing for Jackson, along with his cousin Charles Thompson and Cecil Rose, two other Bahamians who were eventually recruited by the University of Houston. During Thompson's senior year, 1973-74, the school's first six players consisted of four Bahamians and two Cubans, and Jackson won 33-0 and won the Florida state AAAA championship. The so-called Jackson Five bent teams by an average of 30 points, and the real Floridians—people whose families had moved to Florida from places like New York and North

continued on page 57



Whether lobbying Nottage for a sports arena or relaxing with his folks, Belts exudes affability.



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On Aug. 31-Sept. 12, at the National Tennis Center in Flushing, N.Y., we will witness another U.S. Open—the 101st, to be exact. Yet, despite the passage of years, certain names and certain faces keep cropping up in the draws. Why? Well, tennis-playing families love the game so much they tend to perpetuate themselves.

Tennis historians cannot say with certainty whether the first person ever to whack a ball across a net was rallying with a member of his family at the time, but it would be no surprise if he was. Tennis is and always has been a tribal game passed from parents to children and from sibling to sibling. Through the years a remarkably high percentage of world-class players have grown up in homes in which mother or father or both were ranking players, coaches or high-level club players. Tennis was the family racket. There are exceptions, to

be sure—Bjorn Borg and Billie Jean King are two who discovered the game's delights on their own—but the tennis-playing family is so pervasive that a tournament without two entrants with the same last name is a rarity. In the past there were Suttons and Dohertys and Kinseys and Richeys. Today there are Austins, Mayers, Amstranges, Jordans, Mayottes, Jaegers and Gammalvas. The family game has become the family business.

The ability to pound a tennis ball with authority moves through families via several different routes. In the case of Gloria and Jimmy Connors, it passed from mother to son. With Jimmy and Chris Evert, George and Nancy Richey and many others, fathers passed the skill to daughters. Two prime examples of the father-son link are the Mayers and the Gammalvas. Alex Mayer, a former Hungarian Davis Cupper, taught a couple of boys named Gene and Sandy, while former U.S. top-tenner Sammy Gammalva is the

father of Tony and Sammy Jr., both of whom have been ranked in the top 100 in the world this year. The line beginning with May Sutton Bundy, one of four tennis-playing Sutton sisters ("it takes a Sutton to beat a Sutton"), extends to the third generation. May was the U.S. ladies champion in 1904, her daughter, Dodo Cheney, reached the Top 10 in the U.S. in the 1930s and was No. 1 in Women's 60's singles in '81. Dodo and her daughter, Chris Cheney Putnam, won a national mother-daughter title in 1976, and are still playing.

Among today's touring professionals, the genetic connection is most visible in the profusion of brothers, though there are several high-ranking sisters and brother-sister combinations as well. A tennis promoter angling for a novel tournament gimmick would have no trouble completing a 16-man draw with eight pairs of brothers, and, if he were sadistically inclined, he could maximize family tensions by filling the first round with fra-

May Sutton Bundy (left), who in 1904 won the U.S. championship at age 16 and won Wimbledon in 1905 and 1907, belonged to the first family of American tennis. Her sisters, Florence and Ethel, later ranked in the U.S. Top five. Her daughter, Dodo Bundy Cheney, a Top 10 player in the '30s, is still piling up senior titles. Nancy Richey (below left), the daughter of a teaching pro, was half (with brother Cliff) of the only brother-sister combo to rank simultaneously in the U.S. Top 10. Julie Heldman (below right), third in the U.S. in 1975, sprung from a dad who was a former national junior champ and a mom who founded a tennis magazine. Switzerland's Heinz Gunthardt (right), an active present-day player on the pro circuit, frequently plays doubles with his brother Markus.





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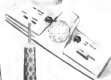


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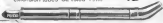
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ternal matchups. Consider these pairings for a mythical Amalgamated World Festival of Siblings: Gene Mayer vs. Sandy, John Lloyd vs. David, Tim Gullikson vs. Tom, Tony Giammalva vs. Sammy, Heinz Gunthardt vs. Markus, Tim Mayotte vs. Chris, Alvaro Filol vs. Jaime, Vijay Amarnath vs. Anand (with kid brother, Ashok, in reserve). A parallel, though smaller, women's draw might include: Andrea and Suzy Jaeger, Chris and Jeanne Evert, Marcie and Maren Louie and Kathy and Barbara Jordan.

But don't look for such a tournament to take place anytime soon. Any promoter who assembled such a field, be it male or female, probably would have to retain a family therapist at courtside. Most players with siblings on the circuit, not to mention their parents, would just as soon avoid the additional pressure of intrafamily matches. Robert Jordan, father of Kathy and Barbara, speaks for many tennis clans when he calls such matchups "no-win situa-

tions." Someone has to lose, and a loss to a brother or a sister can be especially painful.

Many of these tennis-playing siblings learned the rudiments of the game from parents who were teaching pros. When Gene and Sandy Mayer each turned 2, Alex introduced them to what he calls "pre-tennis-court training." He hung a rubber ball from the ceiling and had them bash away at the ball with wooden paddles. Alex, who teaches tennis in Hackettstown, N.J., insisted that if his sons were going to play tennis, they had to take it seriously. "There was a lot of yelling and screaming," Gene has recalled, but both he and Sandy were winning major tournaments before they were 12.

Jimmy Evert, who reached the round of 16 at the U.S. nationals in Forest Hills in 1942, taught all five of his children—Chris, Jeanne, Clare, Drew and John—at Holiday Park in Fort Linderdale, Fla. where he has

been the pro for 34 years. "My dad made practicing fun," says Chris. "He'd say, 'O.K., 10 over the net and I'll buy you a Coke.'" Dad enjoyed it, too.

"I knew if I was going to be over at the courts all day working I wanted my kids and my wife around," says Jimmy.

Swiss-born Roland Jaeger, a teaching pro in a tennis complex outside Lincolnshire, Ill., systematically drilled Andrea and Suzy from the time they were 8 and 10, respectively. "There were times when we pushed the kids," he says. Andrea benefited by being the youngest. "When Andrea came along I knew a whole lot more," adds Roland, "and she always had a practice partner in Suzy."

Sammy Giammalva Sr. was another father/coach who found ways to make tennis lessons fun for his kids. "I started both Tony and Sammy Jr. when they were about 5," he recalls. "and



A gallery of pictures from the tribal game's family album: Maren Louie (above, with brother Ron), is one of two sisters on the women's pro tour; the '80 British Davis Cup team (top, center) was led by the Lloyd brothers, John and David; John's wife Chris (center) here is flanked by her tennis-pro father Jimmy Evert and mother Colette; Chris and John Lloyd (below center) pose with her siblings John, Jeanne and Clare at her parents' home; the Jaeger clan (top right) is made up of teaching pro Roland, Suzy, Andrea and mother Ise; Sammy and Tony Giammalva (far right, center) are sons of former U.S. Davis Cupper Sammy Giammalva Sr.; pros Chris and Tim Mayotte (far right, bottom) both reached the third round of the U.S. Open last year.



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made different games out of it for them, like 'baseball tennis' and 'football tennis.' They looked forward to practicing." The Giammalva boys had an even better time when they made their debut at the 1980 U.S. Open, where both reached the third round after pulling off upsets. Tony, 22 at the time, beat veteran Tom Okker in the opening round, and 17-year-old Sammy defeated Fritz Buehning in the second round.

Tim and Cheri Mayotte, of Springfield, Mass., each got to the third round of the 1981 U.S. Open. In 1981, Tim had won the national intercollegiate championship and had made the quarterfinals at Wimbledon. Last January the Association of Tennis Professionals selected him 1981 Rookie of the Year.

While having a tennis pro for a parent obviously can be helpful, it's not essential. Martina Navratilova's stepfather, Mirek Navratil, a factory account-

ant, heartily encouraged her interest in tennis, serving as her second coach at home in Czechoslovakia. Now her younger sister, Jana, is a very good player, though not nationally ranked. George and Jeanne Austin are both high-level club players, and they have produced five excellent players. The youngest and finest, Tracy, began her climb to the top as the seventh-ranked player in the Austin household. At 14, she became the youngest ever to crack the U.S. women's Top 10, and the youngest to win a pro title, but she still ranked only fifth on the family ladder. Brothers Jeff and John and sister Pam have all played the pro circuit, and brother Doug was a college star. Tracy started playing earlier than the others—"I just followed all the rest," she says—and developed fast. "The cutest thing was when she was 9," her father recalls. "She would beat the best women in the club and then go play in the sandbox."

Robert Jordan, an insurance execu-

tive and occasional tennis instructor, remembers rushing home from work every night for years to practice with Barbara, now age 25, and Kathy, 23. "I don't understand now how I did it all those years," he says. "I felt it was important to work with them individually. They never played each other for points; it was always practice, and the girls accepted that. I didn't want one of them saying 'mya-mya, I beat you' to the other, that sort of thing." Barbara and Kathy flourished under their father's tutelage and both were eventually ranked second nationally in the girls' 18s. Kathy, who has had more success as a pro, was seeded 11th at the 1980 U.S. Open and 14th in 1981.

Many other top players have tennis rackets dangling from limbs on their family trees. Vitas Gerulaitis Sr., the sire of pro Vitas Jr. and Ruta, who played professionally until 1980, was champion of his native Lithuania from 1957 to 1960. Ivan Lendl's mother and father were ranked players in



Club players George and Jeanne Austin (above) are shown with daughter Tracy and son Jeff, two of the pros in the family. Mrs. Austin complains her game "has gone to the dogs" since traveling with Tracy. Ramesh Krishnan (left), an '81 U.S. Open quarterfinalist, was taught by his father Ramanathan (on Ramesh's left), once the best player in India, and Aussie great Fred Stolle.



Vitas Gerulaitis and sister Ruta (top) always shared the attention of their father Vitas Sr., once champion of Lithuania. Vitas Jr. says father and son often have "violent discussions" about his game. "Even if I know Dad's right, I still argue with him," says Vitas. Barbara Jordan (above) was coached by her father, who drilled her and sister Kathy separately so there would be no jealousy or rivalry between them.



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Czechoslovakia. Julie Heldman's dad, Julius, was national junior champion in 1936 and a highly rated senior player. Ramesh Krishnan, a surprise quarterfinalist at last year's U.S. Open, is the son of Ramanathan Krishnan, who was sixth in the world in 1961. Guillermo Vilas' papa was president of his tennis club, and Adriano Panatta's daddy worked at a tennis school in Rome—the list goes on and on.

Sometimes the parents excelled in other sports. Jane Albert, a highly ranked player in the 1960s, is the daughter of Frank Adams, who starred at quarterback for Stanford and the San Francisco Forty Niners. Hana Mandlikova's dad was an Olympic sprinter for Czechoslovakia. Wendy Turnbull's father played football and her mother basketball at home in Australia. Wendy's brother was her mixed doubles partner at Wimbledon in 1972 and 1973.

Tennis parents occasionally have

functions that exceed their roles as stroke technicians, motivators and check-writers. Robert Jordan, like several other fathers, frequently scouted his daughters' potential foes. Posting himself at courtside, he charted such phenomena as first-serve percentage, service placement and the number of ground strokes smacked down the line and crosscourt. He eventually concluded that such statistics were only "minimally useful. It's nice to know these things," he says, "but what counts is whether a player is mentally ready and concentrating, whether her mind is with it."

The mental and psychological readiness that Jordan cites is particularly important in tennis, a game in which winning and losing often hinges on subtle shifts in mood, confidence and concentration. It is in this shadowy realm that the family connection sometimes creates difficulties and tensions, especially between sets of brothers and sisters. A court duel between siblings is

often rife with jealousy, resentment, remembered slights and rivalry for parental attention. It's a dilemma that confronts all tennis families even at the highest level, and they react to it in various ways.

British brothers, Reggie and Laurie Doherty, dominated the game at a time—some 80 years ago—when tennis was a gentlemanly uppercrust pastime. When they learned they were to play each other in the semifinals of the 1902 U.S. nationals in Newport, R.I., the younger Laurie defaulted. Reggie then lost in the final. The next year they were to face each other in the quarterfinals, and this time Reggie defaulted. Laurie went on to win the tournament. The closest analogy to the Dohertys among today's top players would be the Mayers, both of whom have ranked among the world's first ten this year. But neither Sandy nor Gene has ever volunteered to default to the other. For one thing, as their father explains, it would cost them not

Czech stars Ivan Lendl (below) and Hana Mandlikova (right) learned about athletic competition at home. Lendl's mother was once her country's second-ranking player, while Hana's dad ran in the '56 Olympics. England's Dohertys were tennis' most successful brothers. Reggie (bottom left) won four Wimbledon (1897-1900); Laurie (bottom right) added five more (1902-1906).



Sandy Mayer (below) and brother Gene (bottom) are currently the highest-ranking siblings. Sandy was seeded fourth and Gene sixth at this year's Wimbledon. Sandy is rated by their father, a teaching pro, as the more diligent of the two. "Gene is more innovative and depends on his talent more," Alex Mayer says. The three Mayers used to get up at 3 a.m. for tennis workouts.



only prize money but also a fine. More important, both are disciplined and competitive athletes.

The Mayers had some bumpy times as kids. Gene, the more temperamental of the two, collected more titles and publicity than Sandy. Gene now feels that he was insufficiently grateful for the help Sandy gave him. "I don't know if he began believing his press clippings or what," says Sandy, "but he became very competitive. The communication wasn't that good." Now close friends, the brothers have played each other three times as professionals, and Gene has won each time. One of the meetings came last year in the finals of a Grand Prix tournament in Stockholm. "My wife was there, and she hated it," recalls Alex, their father. "But I told her, 'What could be better than the two of them playing in the finals?'" When Sandy lost to Gene at the U.S. Indoors in Memphis several months earlier, he said that he didn't think of his opponent as his brother but as the

second seed. "Sandy calls Gene 'the Superstar,'" Alex says, "but I really think he can separate his brother from the superstar."

Tony and Sammy Giammalva Jr. played each other for the first time as pros last year in the finals of a tournament in their hometown of Houston. "It was tough watching it," says their father. "I think the boys had mixed emotions about it, and I found myself pulling for whoever was behind. They're competitive but they're good friends, too." Sammy won a close three-setter and took his brother out to dinner afterward. Sammy Sr. thinks that siblings ought to be placed in opposite halves of the draw, a sentiment shared by Alex Mayer and Robert Jordan. "There's no reason they couldn't do that," says Giammalva. "It wouldn't be unfair to anyone." "The fact that they are brothers should be taken into consideration," says Mayer.

In some tennis families the older brother or sister holds a kind of trib-

al hex over the younger one, even when the junior sibling has a superior record overall. Anand Amritraj, two years older than brother Vijay, defeated Vijay 16 consecutive times in junior tournaments in their native India and won the country's junior championship from 1966 through 1969. When he faced Vijay in the 1970 finals, both decided that it was Vijay's turn, so Anand defaulted. Vijay then won the title the next two years, and brother Ashok, three years younger than Vijay, triumphed in 1973 and 1974. Vijay's success on the pro tour—he reached the quarters of the U.S. Open in 1973 and has frequently come within striking distance of the world's Top 10—was difficult for Anand to handle. "Maybe I played down my victories a little," says Vijay. "That's why the strength of the family is so important. It's a shaky situation." Anand eventually accepted his brother's preeminence, and Vijay overcame the familial hex, defeating Anand 7-6 in the third set in a Grand Prix tournament in Ohio in 1976. Two

Tony Giammalva (below) and brother Sammy Jr. (bottom), both pulled off upsets en route to third-round showings in the 1980 U.S. Open. "Sammy is more serious and conservative," their father says, "and Tony's more outgoing." Sammy Sr. says he avoided playing his sons when they became good enough to beat him. "Now it's a pleasure to lose to them," he says.

The Amritraj brothers, Ashok, who's the youngest, Vijay and Anand, the oldest (left to right below), have been mainstays of the Indian Davis Cup team. Anand is pictured at far right with their parents. "Mother played at the collegiate level; Father plays recreationally," says Vijay. "They wanted us to be top players." The three sons took turns winning India's national junior title.



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Suzy Jaeger long held an Amritraj-like whammy over old sister Andrea, even though Andrea has reached the Top five in the world and Suzy has never been higher than 83. "There's no incentive for Andrea to beat Suzy," Roland Jaeger said last year. "Now I think Andrea would win. Suzy knows too much is at stake. If Andrea tried to lose, or didn't try, Suzy would just double fault." Their father points out that the sisters have never been rivals. "They are very close," he says. "One without the other is like half of a car." In a junior tournament a few years ago, Andrea drew Mary Lou Piatek, who had often beaten her sister. Andrea beat her 6-0, 5-0. When she was ahead 5-0 in the second set, Andrea said the thought briefly about letting Mary Lou win a game, but sisterly vengeance prevailed. "I thought of Suzy," she says, "and I said, 'No way.'"



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The pressures of membership in a family of tennis mavens are felt most acutely by the heralded but less successful siblings of the great champions. When Jeanne Evert began picking up some wins on the pro tour, she faced constant comparisons with Chris. Jeanne wanted to be as good as Chris, and for a while it looked as if she had the necessary equipment. Her forehead, her father said, was better than Chris's at the same age. In 1974 Chris and Jeanne were first and ninth, respectively, in the country, becoming the first sisters to crack the U.S. Top 10 in the same year since Ethel and Florence Sutton (two of May's sisters) did so in 1913.

Jeanne soon realized, though, that she would never play as well as big sister. Shorter and stockier than Chris, Jeanne had to struggle to reach balls that Chris ran down easily. She suspected that other players went all-out to defeat her because they couldn't beat Chris. "I guess beating me was the

next best thing," says Jeanne. Their older brother, Drew, felt the strain of the frequent comparisons as well. When he lost in the first round of the NCAAs in 1974, he was provoked into boasting that he could stomp both Chris and Jeanne. "Not on clay," Chris replied with a smile. By the late 1970s Jeanne's pale star was in eclipse. Chris's unfailing sensitivity and grace only made matters harder for her, and Jeanne finally quit tournament tennis. "The strains were probably my fault," said Jeanne not long ago. "She was always so generous and loyal. But it was just that she was so... so assured on the court. And, finally, that was too much for me."

Tracy Austin's older brother, John, a journeyman touring pro, has suffered similar torments. While he and Tracy didn't compete on the court, they vied for their parents' attention. "My mom would take Tracy with her to the tennis club where she worked, but I resisted," he says. "I always felt as if my tennis

was secondary. We always knew Tracy would do well." At Wimbledon in 1980, John brooded about his mother's decision to watch Tracy practice rather than view his opening-round match. When he and Tracy reached the finals of the mixed doubles that year, he was annoyed to hear a television commentator announce that Tracy was closing in on her first Wimbledon title—without mentioning him. The Austins won the championship—Tracy called it her "most emotional title"—and embraced on the court. John later talked out his grievances with his family and patched things up.

Why does one member of the family have more success on the court than another? The answer may have more to do with temperamental variations than with ability, but there is no clear pattern. Vijay Amritraj is serene and good-natured, while brother Anand is inclined to be more mercurial. Sammy Giammalva is more serious and conscientious than his out-



Five-time U.S. Open champion Chris Evert Lloyd and the youngest member of the Evert family, Claire, 14 (above), whacked their first winners on the tennis courts at Holiday Park in Fort Lauderdale where their father, who was ranked 11th in the U.S. in 1943, has been giving lessons for 34 years. Claire is ranked No. 23 in the country in the Girls 14-and-under division.



Tracy and John Austin (left) won the mixed doubles at Wimbledon in 1980, then lost in the '81 finals. John (above center) fumed that his sister got all the attention. Kathy Jordan (above) has a higher ranking than sister Barbara, and the two don't enjoy playing each other. "It's exhausting for all of us," says their father. "It's hard enough watching them play doubles against each other."

going brother. Gene Mayer is a more gifted athlete than his brother, but Sandy trains harder. Both are disciplined and religious. Robert Jordan describes both his daughters as hard-working and intense, but considers Kathy to be more open and "effervescent" than Barbara, who's quiet and reserved. Who knows, maybe it all comes down to unequal gene distribution: one sibling gets a topspin gene or a lob gene, and the other doesn't.

Most tennis clans agree that the advantages of growing up with another talented player outweigh the disadvantages. "There's no way it's a liability," says Sammy Grammalva Sr. "They have each other as friends and practice partners, and there's no friction."

"I think it makes it a lot easier if there's another tennis player in the family," adds Robert Jordan. "They help each other and they understand what each other is all about. It's defi-

nately a plus." Even Jeanne Evert never blamed her sister Chris for her own frustrations and disappointments.

Tim and Tom Gullikson, the identical twins from Onalaska, Wis., travel the circuit together with their wives. The four of them form a close-knit family troupe. Tim and Tom have played each other twice as pros and each has won once. A few years ago German pro Karl Meiler, unaware that there was a matched set of Gulliksons, lost to Tim, who's righthanded, in a tournament in San Jose. Two weeks later, Tom, a lefty, beat Meiler or Meiler-plus. Meiler was desolate. It was depressing, he said, to run into a player who could beat him with either hand.

While the family racket may produce both pain and pleasure, it seems clear that the importance of tennis bloodlines will not diminish anytime soon. Roy Emerson's son, Tony, is the eighth-ranked junior player in the

country. A young slugger named Patrick McEnroe from Douglaston, N.Y., who has a famous brother, may be heard from before too long. The offspring of Stan Smith and his wife, Margie, who was at one time the No. 1 woman in the East, should be genetically well-suited for the game. And over the horizon in New Jersey a truly remarkable phenomenon is developing: the 13-year-old identical O'Reilly triplets, Chris, Teri and Patty. All three are moving up in their age-group rankings at a rapid pace. However, one of them is left-handed; so it shouldn't come as a surprise if before long you hear of some girls experiencing the same depression that Meiler did.

by DONALD DALE JACKSON



Opponents who face the Gullikson twins (left) can learn who's who by checking racket hands: Tom (far left) swings from the left, while Tim's a righty. The next all-in-the-family stars may include Patrick McEnroe (top right with John Sr.), younger brother of three-time U.S. Open champ John (above, with his parents); and the O'Reilly triplets (top left), Patty, Teri and Christine.

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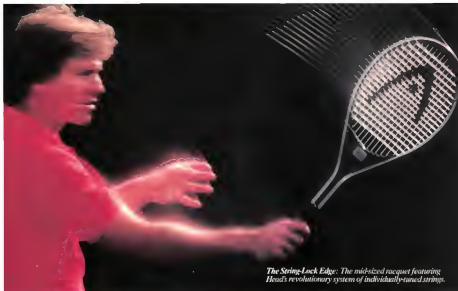
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Dakota—didn't like the idea of a bunch of foreigners clobbering their kids one bit. An investigation was launched by the *Miami News's* Bill Brubaker, who discovered that Jackson had used one player, Rose, who was too old (20) and three others—Thompson, his cousin Charles and Lockhart—whose high school eligibility had expired.

Jackson Coach Jake Caldwell was exonerated of the recruiting charges and remains the coach at Jackson. The school was allowed to keep the state title and the trophy, but its record is accompanied by an asterisk.

"I had the potential," Thompson says, "but nobody told me the right way to use it until Caldwell came along. There's no way I'd be a pro without him."

While he was in Miami, Thompson started wearing tassels tied to the laces of his gym shoes, and later he added small bells that jingled when he ran. "That's how I got the name Bells," he says. "It became Sweet Bells after people saw some of my moves on the court."

Thompson had wanted to play for a college in a U.S. city with major media exposure, but wound up in Minnesota. Always eager to create a distinctive identity for himself, he began wearing a beaded necklace on the court and then, in his sophomore year, he decided to change the spelling of his first name, Michael. When other players began asking him about the necklace, he told them they were "voodoo beads." Years later, when he got into a showing match with the Phoenix Suns' Alvan Adams, Phoenix Assistant Coach Al Bianchi yelled to Adams from the sidelines, "Watch out, he's got them voodoo beads!" Last season the NBA prohibited players from wearing all forms of jewelry in games. "Those were my native beads," Thompson says, "and they were blessed with Bahamian knowledge, Bahamian love. Those beads were how people recognized me off the court, and they brought me a lot of luck. I took them off and I broke my leg."

The beads brought mixed results at Minnesota. Although he did set school scoring and rebounding records, he also got mixed up in a ticket-scalping episode that resulted in Thompson's being suspended for the first seven games of his senior season. "College athletes can't live on what the NCAA allows," Thompson says in his defense. "You need a little money so you can get out once in a while to have a good time, and maybe a little

car to get you around. Why is it all right for the coaches to get all these complimentary cars from local dealers, but not the players? The way the NCAA has it set up, it's like they want to make college athletics another Poland—the ruling government has all the money and everybody else is poor."

Portland never expected Thompson to be the team's center. When he was drafted, the Blazers' center was Bill Walton, and the plan was to use Thompson at power forward and to back up Walton in the middle. But when Walton began to have foot problems, Thompson changed positions.

"I'm not sure Mychal is a first-rate NBA center," says Ramsay. "I think his best position is at forward. I think if that was the position he was playing, he would be a first-rate NBA forward." Portland General Manager Stu Inman agrees. "I think his chance for greatness would be at power forward," Inman says. "His size and body build minimize his chances for greatness as a center." Like a lot of people, Inman believes that Thompson could reach a "higher level" of play were he to apply himself more diligently, perhaps overlooking what Thompson has accomplished in only 10 years. "The game has come relatively easy for him," Inman says. "He's naturally gifted and hasn't had to work as hard as some to become a proficient player. Maybe because of that he hasn't become as tough mentally as some."

Thompson finished fourth in the NBA in rebounding (an 11.7-per-game average) and 17th in scoring (20.8) last season. And this year he will be expected to provide more leadership. "I keep trying to tell those guys what to do," Thompson says kiddingly of his Portland teammates, "and they keep telling me, 'Shut up or we'll have you deported.' How's a poor Bahamian boy supposed to show his leadership on the face of that?"

Whenever he's at home, walking around the streets of Nassau or lounging on the beach at Paradise Island, Thompson knows he's being watched. "The kids look at me like I'm some kind of god, a

mystical being from outer space," he says. "They follow me around and notice the things I say and do in public. It's important not to let them down." And that is one of the reasons why he keeps trying to get one small wooden basketball floor built in the Bahamas.

"When you watch these kids playing sports, it's obvious the talent is there," Thompson said one day during his camp.



Thompson rejects the idea that he lacks intensity.

"But you can also see the frustration on their faces because they know they're not going anywhere—at least not the way things are now. They can't get off the island and they can't get to the States to get an education like I did. When I was their age I was just like these kids until I got an opportunity, and look where I ended up. All they need is a chance to show what they can really do. I don't want to be the only one who makes it."

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History was bound to be made that night, and Luke Appling figured he'd be part of it. Here it was, July 19 in Washington D.C.'s RFK Stadium, and the Cracker Jack people had created the greatest old-timers' game ever. Most of these contests are mere preliminaries to regular-season games, but this one stood by itself. It was, as advertised, truly an all-star classic, featuring the likes of Hank Aaron, Stan Musial and Warren Spahn for the National League, and Brooks

Robinson, Early Wynn, Bob Feller and Al Kaline for the American.

The oldest player was Appling, 75, the White Sox' Hall of Fame shortstop. Just what was a 75-year-old man doing out there, anyway? Joe DiMaggio, 67, suits up, but he stopped playing in old-timers' games several years ago. Appling knew he could bat, but he was concerned about his fielding, because he wears elastic braces on both knees.

Fortunately, no balls came his way in the top of the first. As he stepped to the plate to lead off for the American League, he was given a standing O by the crowd of nearly 30,000. Luke might have

Luke Appling, the Braves' 75-year-old minor league batting coach, sure practiced what he preaches when he hit that big homer **by JIM KAPLAN**

Old Dog With New Tricks



expected that; what he didn't anticipate was hitting a shot that would be heard—via ESPN and the Armed Forces Network—around the world.

It happened on the second pitch. Spahn threw a fastball and Appling met it squarely—the replay showed that his form was perfect—and lined it over the leftfield fence 275 feet away. The Americans went on to win the game 7-2, and Appling was the story of the night.

Last Saturday afternoon in Chicago, Appling took part in another such game, as a member of the White Sox Old-Timers who met their Yankee counterparts. As in Washington, when his name was announced last in Comiskey Park, 35,000 fans in his old home park gave him a standing ovation. Then the crowd went nuts a second time when the Sox showed his Washington homer on the message board. Alas, lightning didn't strike again. In the field, Appling fumbled a grounder, and at the plate he grounded into a double play in his lone at bat. Bothered by his knees, he left after the first inning of the three-inning game.

But that astonishing home run he hit in Washington will not soon be forgotten. "Funny thing about that homer," he was saying over breakfast a couple of weeks ago. "I only took three swings in batting practice. First pitch goes off the end of the bat and the next two off the fists. Thought I'd broken my thumb, so I stopped right there. On the pitch from Spahn I was just trying to get the bat out front. I didn't want to hit it off my wrists."

Then the ball went out and there was the instant hero tottering around the bases, Spahn chasing him between first and second, slapping at him with his glove, people standing and screaming. Appling watched the rest of the game from the bench. "I walked into the hotel restaurant and they gave me a standing ovation," he said. "Another one when I left. I got a box full of mail. A TV guy was interviewing me and I said, 'Hey, keep this quiet.' He said, 'Too late. This was shown all over on ESPN. You might as well enjoy it.'"

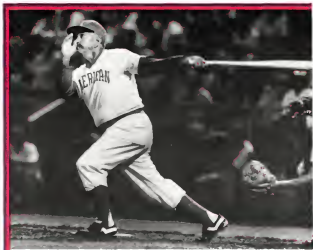
A scout at a nearby table called over.

"Singles and doubles hitter all his life and he don't get no recognition till he hits a homer." Indeed, Appling was a .310 batter over 20 seasons (1930-50) who won batting titles in 1936 (.388) and 1943 (.328) but hit only 45 homers. He hadn't taken a swing in two years before homering off Spahn.

Appling is bald and a bit on the paunchy side, but his voice is clear and he looks no more than 65. "In Washington the kids tried to get me to take more

Fla (rookie league); Anderson (low Class A); Durham, N.C. (high Class A); Savannah (Double A); and Richmond (Triple A). Appling had been on the road all but about 14 days since February, and Anderson was one of his favorite stops. "The biggest jump is A to Double A," he said. "If you can hit in Double A you can hit in Triple A. And if you can hit solid in Triple A, you can hit in the majors."

When Appling's wife, Fay, to whom he's been married 50 years, isn't traveling



The shot heard round the world, 1962: Appling homers off Spahn in RFK Stadium.

batting practice," he said. "I said, 'If you've learned how to handle a bat, you can hit.' Now, it's just as Hank Aaron told me: 'When you go back, you can hold a club over those boys and tell them how to hit.'"

Appling was digesting that very thought with his morning eggs. He was in Anderson, S.C., a mill town of 30,000 in the northwest corner of the state, as the Atlanta Braves' minor league batting instructor, a post he has held for the last six years. The job takes him to Bradenton,

with him—their home is on Lake Lanier in Georgia—he'll be at the Anderson ball park in the morning, helping the trainer with the team laundry. This time Fay was along and Luke took it easy. But not for long. Bill MacKay, the 26-year-old general manager of the Anderson Braves, had asked Appling to call on a hospitalized friend "Bleep." Appling said cheerfully, "let's go see him." Dressed in black tasseled loafers, gray and white checked, beltless slacks and an alligator shirt with a cigar wedged between the first and second

continued

Appling shows Anderson's Terry Cornack how to drive the ball with his shoulder down.

ond buttons. Luke stood for an hour in Anderson Memorial Hospital chatting with Olin Saylor, a onetime shortstop in the Braves system who was recovering from a hernia operation.

"They used to call me Old Aches and Pains," Appling said later. "You know how that story got started? I hung out with Ab Schacht, the White Sox trainer. We roomed together, ate meals together and went out to the park early together. By the time the other players and the reporters got there, he'd always be giving me a rubdown." Appling was considered a hypochondriac, but he played with full-on arches, broken bones, torn muscles and spike wounds, and still appeared in 2,422 games. When Saylor recounted how he'd taped a broken ankle and played on it, Appling smiled approvingly. "Any good athlete plays better when he's a little injured because he concentrates harder," he said.

A few hours later Appling stood in the hot sun in knickers and sweats with an Anderson Braves cap on his head, watching batting practice at Anderson Memorial Stadium. The place will never be mistaken for a major league park. It seats 4,000, and the sound of buzzsaws—new benches were being built—rang through the afternoon air. The scoreboard is donated by Legion Post No. 14, the outfield fence is covered with local advertise-

ments (Gable's Florist, Maynard's Home Furnishing, Country Club Apartments) and there's a vegetable garden outside the clubhouse. Nor will the Anderson Braves be mistaken for the parent club. Hailing from Maine to California and ranging in age from 18 to 23, the hopeful, hardworking kids make an average of \$600 a month, share tacky apartments, dine on tacos and cheeseburgers and frequent Anderson's few bars. This is the society Luke Appling hangs out in—and he loves it.

Standing behind the cage, chaw in cheek ("Gives you all the moisture you need"), Appling alternately called out advice to the hitters and chatted with an onlooker. He's an indefatigable, nonstop talker who will answer all your questions—if you can get them in.

"Hey," he shouted to a burly catcher. "If you carry your hands higher, it'll make a difference. Never raise up. Keep that front shoulder down and drive your shoulder into the ball. Don't follow the ball; look for it in the strike zone. If you have to raise up, take the pitch."

"What you want them to do," he said in an aside, "is handle the bat, get it out in front of the pitch and get a bat with balance that you can feel. These kids can't feel the bat. They get gloves and pine and resin as thick as hell. They don't even know how to hold the grain of the

bat so that they don't break it. During my career, I wore out two ham bones on my bats. I'd rub a bat up and down on a bone to get it hot and slick. The exercise is good for your wrists, too."

An outfielder stepped in. "You're a little slow with your top hands," Appling said. "Hey! When he gets ready to throw, cock your wrists and go from there. Don't go one way with your hands and another with your feet, like a rubber band." In another aside, Appling muttered, "Everybody tries to hit it out in batting practice instead of laying the bat on the ball. People take too big a loop. Somebody'll throw them a breaking ball and they'll fall all over themselves. Or they'll throw a fastball right by them."

A second baseman went for a high pitch. "I'm going to have to build you a soapbox to get those," Appling said. The youngster laughed. "Th'ow the top hand!" Appling called to another player. "You're hitting with your front hand all the way."

"You'd think I'd get sick of saying the same things every day, but you can't give up on them. Some you put on the back, some you kick on the butt. You have to be patient and tactful. I love working with these kids. You try to tell a major-leaguer something"—he turned his head to the side, mimicking—"and they don't pay no attention. In the minors you ask them to come out at three in the afternoon and they're here at 10 in the morning, they're so anxious."

Appling sticks to fundamentals with Class A players. "He's taught me to hold my hands back, rotate the left shoulder down and get the bat out in front when I swing," says Outfielder Johnny Hatcher, age 19, pretty much covering the gamut. Appling gets considerably more technical with higher-level players, Atlanta Second Baseman Glenn Hubbard, whom Appling considers the most valuable player on the team, says of his tutoring at Savannah. "Luke's probably the single most important influence on my hitting. I came to Double A ball and couldn't hit to right. He showed me." Appling has a variety of ways to teach hitting to the opposite field, but none as ingenious as a method he proposed to Danny Litwiler, the recently retired coach at Michigan State, who's known for his own innovations. "He got me up facing a hotel pillar," says Litwiler, an outfielder and third baseman for the Phillies, Cardinals, Braves and Reds. "He said, 'Assume you

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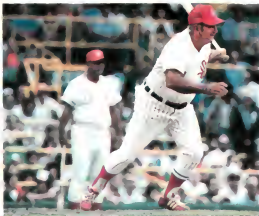
Appling's polishing rates kisses from Manager Scutler (right) and Coach Herb Hippaut.

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Lightning didn't strike twice in the Chicago old-timers' game as Appling hit into a DP.

have a bat. Get a foot away from the pillar and swing."

"How can I do that?" I said. "The bat wouldn't come through."

"Yes, it would," Luke said. "Just lead with your hands and lay the head of the bat back." Well, I went back to the campus and practiced at a backstop. I took batting practice and, sure enough, the ball shot off the bat, with authority, to rightfield. And a couple hit the fence, which I never used to do."

At the end of batting practice in Anderson, Appling went into the outfield to watch calisthenics. The players had been taught well—not only in baseball fundamentals, but also manners. There was much good-natured name-calling, belching, spitting and swearing. "That kid," Appling said, pointing out a player. "Nobody plays harder. You'll see him break up the second baseman. That's what's wrong with the game—six million doves flying around."

"The kids don't get paid enough and don't get enough meal money [\$11 a day on the road] to eat right. They save it for a big meal after the game instead of before. [A few minutes later one player told another, "I didn't get to bed until 1:30, and I was still stuffed. If I had you play hard, your stomach muscles tighten. I'll have a beer in the clubhouse and take my time before leaving. Today's major-leaguers

are always in a hurry—they're used to plane travel instead of train. And I like to have a cocktail an hour before eating. You've got to relax when you play hard. I never let anything bother me. People would get on me, and I'd say, 'I can't hear you.' Talk louder."

"He points out all kinds of little things we don't notice," said Anderson Second Baseman Ralph Giannants. "Hardline things." Indeed, though he was careful to defer to Manager Brian Snitker, whom he much admires, Appling was constantly talking to players during the evening's 7-5 win over Charleston. Sitting next to Appling in the dugout was like taking a course in baseball minutiae. After Hatcher started running to first on a 3-0 pitch that was called a strike, Appling warned him, "Stand up there and let them call it. If you run right away, they'll call it a strike every time." The catcher wasn't sufficiently skilled an umpire-baiting, Appling maintained. "He isn't aggressive enough. You can look forward and still talk to the umpire. If you look around, he's liable to chase your butt." To Giannants and Shortstop Kenny Clark, Appling had the following counsel: "Twice that inning their guys overran second and you threw to the wrong base. The backup man should yell it out. It's a lack of communication." Rightfielder Keith Street took a 2-0 pitch for a strike. Appling

didn't like that at all. "With a man on second and nobody out, you don't take a pitch like that," he said.

"We pitchers listen in on him, too, because he's been around long enough that he knows more than most pitching coaches," said Mark Smith. "He's even taught me some things," said Trainer Tim Alexander, "like painting over a jammed thumb with iodine. Do that and a guy can hit the next day. I sure didn't learn that at Florida State." Snitker believes Appling's presence enlivens the whole team. "No matter how bad you feel, you've got to feel better around him," says the manager. "You come dragging off the field, and he looks like he's been on vacation a month."

After a leisurely beer and a big cigar, Appling started to dress. He donned his underwear first, then his socks and shoes, then his pants and shirt. When MacKay kidded him about his procedure, the great man had some more wisdom to pass on. "You don't get your feet wet this way," he said. MacKay protested that his pants wouldn't fit over his shoes. Appling laughed and slipped on his trousers. "If you don't wear them tight-assed britches—see that, they slid right through—you can get 'em on."

"Ever since I was knee-high to a duck, I played ball," Appling said on the way back to the hotel. "In pastures and vacant lots. We had a farm in Douglas County, Georgia, and I chopped wood with a double-edged ax and plowed the fields behind a mule. That's how my arms got so strong. I played football secretly for Oglethorpe College before my father read my name in the papers and made me quit. I played 126 games in Double A and came up to the majors as a home-run hitter. As soon as I got to Comiskey Park I realized I'd have to change. It took me three years to learn to hit to right." Appling went on to become a contact hitter extraordinaire—one who once deliberately fouled off 14 pitches while looking for one he liked.

It was nearly midnight now, and Appling's guest was thoroughly exhausted from a day in his wake. Luke, though, was contemplating a two-hour drive to his home down on Lake Lanier. He has three grown children, six grandchildren and half a dozen dogs, all, presumably, pining to keep up with him. "They say this is a young man's game," Appling said with a hearty handshake. "Well, it's keeping me young."



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by Steve Wulf

Eight years ago, Damaso Garcia was a defender on the Dominican Republic's national soccer team and baseball was just a pastime. Three years ago, Garcia was stuck in the New York Yankee farm system—and the Toronto Blue Jays thought their second baseman of the future was Danny Ainge. This year, though Garcia's presence at second proved they had thought wrong, the Blue Jays felt Garcia had an attitude problem, and three months ago he came very close to jumping the club.

Today Garcia's the best second baseman in the world, according to Garth Iorg, another Blue Jay infielder. "He's been a treat to watch all year," says Iorg. "He made a play on Jim Rice in



Epy Guerrero was a scout for the Yankees and also the brother of Mario Guerrero, the former Oakland infielder. "I could see he had the tools of the play," says Guerrero, who now works for the Blue Jays. "I made him run 50 yards, and he was very fast. I made him throw. I made him take ground balls." Guerrero followed Garcia around while he practiced for the soccer team, which went on tour in Haiti, Jamaica and, of all places, Toronto. "Sometimes I would skip a practice to work out for Epy," says Garcia.

Guerrero finally talked him into signing a baseball contract in February 1975. "It was the toughest sign I've ever had," Guerrero says. "There was big trouble with the soccer federation. He was the best player on the team, and they were really mad. The president of the federation called me to his office and said, very upset, 'How can you take my best player?'"

Guerrero took Garcia and Domingo Ramos, another infielder who now plays in the Seattle organization, to Oneconta, N.Y., where the Yankees had a Class-A team. "I found out I did not know anything about baseball," says Garcia. "I would try to throw the ball before I could catch it. I made 14 errors my first 13 games, and they put me on the bench and told me to see how the other guys play ball, to see that the ball was faster than the runner." Garcia also had to learn a new culture at the same time. Fortunately, his manager at Oneconta was Mike Ferraro, now the Yankees' first-base coach. "Mike really understood what we Latin American ballplayers had to go through. He taught me a lot of plays. He put me into this business."

Garcia progressed rapidly through the Yankee farm system, and within three years he was called up to New York. But he was injured most of 1979, and with Willie Randolph the incumbent at second, his prospects weren't all that good. Then, on Nov. 1, the Toronto vice-president for baseball operations, Pat Gillick, who had been in charge of the New York

The message from Garcia

Toronto's excellent infielder deserves his cash, and some credit, too

Boston, where the ball took a bad hop up the middle. Damo was going to backhand it, but instead he bare-handed it and threw to first in one motion. I was playing third, and I looked over at the bench, and all our guys had their hands to their heads. They couldn't believe it."

That speaks only for Garcia's fielding. The Blue Jays' leadoff hitter most of the year, he's batting .321 and leads the majors in hits with 158. He has stolen 42 bases, which makes him the leader among all American Leaguers who aren't Rickey Henderson. He has played a very large part in the Blue Jays' rags-to-lower-middle-class story this season—just last week Toronto came within a half-game of overtaking Cleveland for sixth place in the AL East.

Yet there's hardly a public-address announcer in the league who pronounces his first name correctly. DA-ma-so is the right way. Da-MA-so is the wrong way, although it's preferable to Da-MAS-co,

which some broadcasters and players favor. "Damasco?" says Jim Gantner of the Brewers, one of a number of AL second basemen having banner seasons. "He's just having a super year with the bat. And he's as steady in the field as he is at the plate."

Garcia grew up in Moca, a small town in the heart of the Dominican Republic. When he was 17 he was chosen to play for his national soccer team and given a scholarship to Madre y Maestra University. It was in college that Garcia met his future wife, Haydee, whom he had first seen playing volleyball in a national sports festival.

"I did not have much time for baseball," he says. "But one day I was playing shortstop for my home team, and the manager of the other team came up to me after the game and said, 'You have ability. Do you mind if I bring someone to see you play?' The man he brought was Epy Guerrero."

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farm system when Garcia signed with the Yankees, traded Rick Cerone, Tom Underwood and Ted Wilborn for Garcia, Paul Mirabella and Chris Chambliss.

In his first season with Toronto, Garcia batted .278, stole 13 bases—he was also thrown out 13 times—and finished fourth in the voting for AL Rookie of the Year. Last year he was just finding his stroke when, on Aug. 21, a pitch by Ed Farmer of the White Sox broke his right hand, putting him out for the season. He finished the year at .252, again with 13 stolen bases, although he was caught only three times. Still, there was a nagging notion in the Blue Jays organization that Garcia wasn't living up to his potential.

A contract dispute at the start of this season awakened both parties. Garcia had made \$80,000 for 1981. Over the winter, Gillick had gotten Garcia's verbal agreement to a two-year deal for roughly \$150,000 per year. But Garcia felt he was on the verge of a big season and balked at committing himself for both '82 and '83. Gillick refused to give him a one-year deal, and Garcia, who had no agent, refused to accept his paychecks, which were coming at an arbitrary \$90,000-a-season rate. Garcia is a man of principle, and he wanted to demonstrate that he would rather play on his terms than accept money to play on others'. He also realized he was in over his head. Third Baseman Aurelio Rodriguez, then with the Jays, put him in contact with his agent, Bill Goodstein, in New York.

"He genuinely sounded frantic," says Goodstein. "It was almost like open warfare between him and the Blue Jays. The team was afraid he'd jump the club. In May, we all sat down and talked it out. The club let him know they thought he had an attitude problem. Danno told them he wasn't being treated fairly. He handled it great, and we all left happy."

On May 31 Garcia got what he wanted, a one-year contract for \$175,000, retroactive to the start of the season. But Garcia hadn't let the squabble affect his play. He had been moved to the leadoff spot from No. 8, which obviously suited him, and he was standing closer to the plate so he could hit the outside pitch to right. After the contract dispute was settled, he performed that much better. "They said a lot of things about me," says Garcia. "I told myself I have to prove myself. I just wanted to show them the kind of player I was."

Garcia has been so consistent at the

plate this year that he has gone two games without a hit only once. At week's end he was working on a 15-game hitting streak, with a 17-game streak already behind him. He is 10 for 10 in steals of third. And he has been playing with a hyperextended left elbow since mid-May.

As for his fielding, Toronto Manager Bobby Cox claims he has the best arm of any second baseman he's ever seen. He hangs very tough in the pivot. Almost every Blue Jay has a favorite Garcia play. Garcia's own personal preference occurred in a game against Oakland. With the Blue Jays leading 3-2 in the ninth, Don Meyer hit a slow bouncer behind the mound, and Garcia bare-handed it and threw to first in one motion. Since it happened against Billy Martin shortly before the All-Star Game, Toronto fans had hoped it would sway the manager to name Garcia to the team. Martin chose Kansas City's Frank White instead.

"I did not mind," says Garcia. "Dauer . . . Whutaker . . . there are a lot of good second basemen in the league. My time will come."



NL WEST "Everybody's trying to hit five-run homers and throw no-hitters," said Bob Watson during a string of 11 straight losses by the Braves (1-6). It was a broken-bat, two-run pinch single in the eighth at San Diego by Rufino Linares that finally ended that streak, 6-5, with Gene Garber chalking up his 20th save. Meanwhile, the Dodgers (4-3) moved into first and went head-to-head with the surging Giants (5-2) despite 12.

Despite having lost 19 of 32 games since the All-Star break, San Diego (3-4) remained in the running. Gary Templeton's 2-for-25 non-hitting largely accounted for the Padres' .249 batting. And with Ruppert Jones out with a sore right heel, opponents pitched around Sixto Lezcano, walking him nine times last week.

Bill Virdon became the sixth manager to be axed this season when Houston (5-1) replaced him on an interim basis with Bob Lillis, who had been an Astro coach. The first pitching performance of the week was Nolan Ryan's 3-0 victory in San Diego, in which he yielded only a fifth-inning single to Terry Kennedy. It was Ryan's eighth career one-hit

ter. When the Astros arrived in Cincinnati (2-4), the Reds' Larry Bittner wore a five-year-old T-shirt that read L.A. WE'RE GONNA GET CHA. Bittner, however, had crossed out Los Angeles and written in Houston. The Reds, who failed to get the Dodgers for the '77 division title, also seemed unlikely to climb past the Astros for fifth place in '82. A day after Frank Pastore beat Houston 3-0, Bob Knepper and Randy Moffitt of the Astros combined to dim Cincy's hopes, 2-0.

LA 86-53 ATL 63-53 SD 63-55
SF 62-57 HOUS 53-63 CIN 42-75

NL EAST When he was a youngster, Willie McGee of St. Louis (6-1) had to sneak off to play Sunday baseball because his father, a Pentecostal deacon, felt it was wrong to participate in sports on that day. Now playing for all to see any day of the week, McGee upped his average to .319 and helped beat the Mets 7-2 with a bases-loaded triple. That, plus Bruce Sutter's 23rd and 24th saves and Steve Mura's 10th and 11th victories, lifted the Cardinals into the divisional lead.

Faced with nine games last week, the Phillies (5-4) hoped their bullpen would hold up. It didn't. But timely hits were invaluable. George Vukovich's pinch double beat Pittsburgh 4-3, pinch hitter Bill Robinson's single and grand slam during a nine-run eighth stunned Montreal 15-11 and Mike Schmidt's two-out homer with a man on in the ninth capped the Expos 3-4.

Doug Flynn of Montreal (4-4) is a .238 career hitter. Last week, though, it wasn't a case of "out like Flynn" as he tripled in two runs to defeat Philly 3-2. Warren Cromartie, whose .247 average is 34 points below his career figure, also came through, singling in the ninth to nip the Phils 8-7.

"I'm very superstitious," said Don Robinson of Pittsburgh (2-7), who last touched a rosin bag during the ninth inning of a minor league game in 1977 and promptly lost his no-hitter. Last week he buoyed had 13 hits as Robinson beat St. Louis 7-4 for his 13th victory—on Friday the 13th.

By defeating Chicago 6-4 and 5-4, New York (2-5) avoided dropping into the cellar. Outfielder Ellis Valentine's .500 spree put some life into the Met attack. Before that, the Cubs (5-3) extended their winning streak to six games—their longest in nearly three years—as Leon Durham hit .400, Bill Buckner .371 and Steve Henderson .357. Henderson, who had been riding the bench for six weeks before this, went 7 for 17 against his former Met teammates, also slugging his first two home runs of the season. All three Chicago wins in New York were credited to Reliever Mike Proby.

STL 67-50 PHIL 66-51 MONT 61-55
PIT 60-57 NY 50-66 CH 51-60

continued

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BALL PARK FIGURES

Here, with 1982's statistics for batting average, homers and RBIs or won-lost record, saves and ERA, is an all-star team of onetime Yankees, compared with the current Yank lineup.

EX-YANKEES					YANKEES				
1B	Witte Upshaw, Tor	.282	16	55	1B	Dave Collins	.262	2	17
2B	Damazo Garcia, Tor	.321	4	36	2B	Witte Randolph	.258	2	39
3B	Garth Iorg, Tor	.292	0	26	3B	Grig Nentjes	.232	12	40
SS	Mike Fischlin, Clev	.262	6	14	SS	Roy Smalley	.257	11	40
LF	Ruppert Jones, SD	.303	12	55	LF	Dave Winfield	.291	19	69
CF	Willie McGee, St.L.	.319	1	37	CF	Jerry Mumphrey	.302	4	40
RF	Reggie Jackson, Cal	.273	27	68	RF	Lou Piniella	.307	3	29
C	Rock Dempsey, Balt	.236	5	26	C	Butch Wynegar	.263	4	26
DH	Chris Chambliss, Atl	.264	14	58	DH	Oscar Gansbie	.266	14	40
P	LaMaer Hoyt, WSox	14-10	3.05		P	Ron Guidry	11-4	3.82	
RP	Bill Caudill, Sea	10-4	21	1.87	RP	Goose Gosage	4-5	23	2.52

AL EAST After he had tied a team record by walking eight men in one game, Pete Vuckovich of Milwaukee (5-3) reportedly said, "They weren't biting. It's better that way than getting the ball up where they can see the whole sphere when they're attempting to reach out with the wood tool for the purpose of reversing the sphere into certain areas between the white lines, where men aren't standing with gloves on." That sort of explained Vuckovich's 3-1 triumph over the Rangers, 12 of whom he stranded on base. Gorman Thomas walked five homers to increase his total to 32, tops in the majors. The dingers helped the Brewers move 4½ games ahead of the Red Sox.

Even with Jim Rice batting .350, Boston (2-4) hit only .257. Manager Ralph Houk had had news for Wade Boggs. Although the rookie was hitting .354, he would pinch-hit rather than play third (where Houk put Carney Lansford) or as first (where he put Dave Stapleton).

Toronto (5-3) swept Boston 4-2, 4-0 and 4-3. Dave Stieb, who shut out the Sox on two hits, improved his record to 13-11 when Anthony Johnson's two-run triple in the ninth beat the Brewers 4-2. Along the way, the Blue Jays tied a team mark with their second six-game winning streak in four weeks.

Mike Flanagan of Baltimore (1-5) gave up hits to the first five Boston batters he faced, and was out of what became a 5-2 loss. In 21 innings against the Red Sox this year, Flanagan has been peppered for 25 hits and 15 runs. Larry Sorensen of Cleveland (1-5) continued to be hammered by Kansas City. In nine innings he has been tagged for 28 hits and 18 runs. Other Indian pitchers did little better: K.C. batters hit .336 against the Tribe while taking 10 of 12 games this season.

Lou Whitaker of Detroit (3-3), a .263 hitter during his first five seasons in the majors, has been on a .375 tear since becoming the leadoff man in early July. Whitaker hit .393 last week

and, what's more surprising for someone who never before had more than five homers and 58 RBIs in a season, he twice hit two home runs in a game and had nine RBIs. Whitaker, who weighs only 155 pounds, even homered into the upper deck in right center at Tiger Stadium. All of which left him with a .302 average, 11 homers and 52 RBIs for the year.

New York (2-5) climbed out of a 7-0 hole in Detroit to win 9-7 with a three-homer barrage. Two more home runs and Goose Gosage's 23rd save beat Chicago 4-3.

ML 66-46 BOS 63-52 BAL 60-54 DET 58-57
NY 58-58 CLEV 55-58 TOR 57-61

AL WEST Last season Mike Witt of the Angels (3-3) caused hitters to wince only because he plunked 11 of them with pitches. This year, though, Witt is putting the hurt on batters by throwing pitches as they're finding increasingly hard to hit. The A's got only four hits off Witt last week as he blanked them 9-0. That gave Witt, who's 6'7" and 185 pounds and has just turned 22, a 7-3 record and a 3.03 ERA. And then there was Luan Platter, who is eight inches shorter and a few pounds heavier than Witt and will soon be 42 (or so). Platter went seven innings and won for the first time this season since coming up from the Mexican League three weeks ago, beating the Twins 3-1 with the aid of Reggie Jackson's two-run pinch double in the eighth. Doug DeCinces cooled off but is that game slammed his 11th homer in his last 13 outings. Desperate for bullpen help, Manager Gene Mauch used Dave Goltz in relief. Goltz allowed only one hit in 2½ innings as he preserved Geoff Zahn's 6-3 victory over Minnesota.

By putting his shoulder to the task, Larry Gura helped put Kansas City (5-1) in first. Stud Gura, explaining the problem he rectified, "I was too straight when I let the ball go. I watched several pitchers and saw they all

did something I always did before—lift the lead shoulder at the last second to drive the pitching arm farther downward. My curves were flat. Now they're breaking well again." Gura's curves broke well enough for him to baffle Cleveland 12-2 and Detroit 1-0.

LaMaer Hoyt of Chicago (6-1) joined Gura as the league's first 14-game winners by hand-cutting New York 6-0 on three hits. Greg Luzinski's hitting and, of all things, base running aroused the White Sox. A long home run by Luzinski touched off a six-run rally during a 9-5 victory over the Orioles. The Bull's three-run, checked-swing double was the big hit as Chicago dumped Baltimore 9-4. And in a 4-1 win over the Birds, Luzinski had three hits, slid hard into second to break up a double play and enable a run to score, legged out an infield triple, advanced from first to third on a base hit to left, and stretched a liner to left into a double.

Tidy relief pitching, clutch hits and opponents' misuses added up to three more comeback victories for the Mariners (4-2), who now have 31 for the season. A three-run eighth that jolted Minnesota 3-1 began with a Twins error and ended with a two-run pinch single by Dave Revering.

Apparently weary by his record-setting base-stealing pace, Rickey Henderson of the A's (3-3) went through a two-week 0-for-29 slump. But Henderson had four steals, giving him 109 in 118 games, nine shy of Lou Brock's modern single-season mark Matt Keough, a 15-game loser, won for the 10th time when he beat California 10-1.

Terry Felton of the Twins (2-6), though, kept losing. Two defeats (6-3 to the Angels and 10-2 to the Mariners) left him 0-12 for the season and 0-15 for his career, breaking a major league record set in 1914 by Cleveland's Guy Merion. Bobby Castillo, a reliever

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

AL OLIVER: The 35-year-old Expo first baseman had three doubles among his 12 hits in 27 at bats (.444) and drove across 12 runs. That spun put him first in the league with 83 RBIs and a .324 average.

for most of his six seasons, hurled the first complete game of his career when he defeated Seattle 3-1.

Although unaccustomed to rallying for victories, the Rangers (3-3) did so three times. A four-run seventh toppled Milwaukee 6-3, and a three-run ninth turned what had been a 7-2 deficit into an 8-7 win over Cleveland. John Butcher was a 3-2 winner over the Indians as Texas scored twice in the seventh and won in the ninth on Larry Parrish's homer.

ML 66-46 CAL 66-50 CH 63-52 SEA 58-58
OAK 52-66 TEX 46-68 MIN 40-77



THE ASCENT OF AN



ENIGMA

The Steelers' Franco Harris is a man of few words but a lot of yardage, and though some derogate his style, he's climbing to a record **BY ROY BLOUNT JR.**



Franco Harris, who once worried that the National Football League would blackball him, has now run with that league's football more times than anyone else, and has won its humanitarian award. One of the many people he has shown humanitarianism toward is himself. Which has something to do with the fact that he is frowned upon by some people, and a great deal to do with his being able to carry the ball so many times.

Harris has enormous presence. This is partly because he's enormous, partly because he has the face of a sheikh or a Moorish prince or a young Old Testament prophet, and partly because he doesn't seem to be entirely present. He looks almost as if he just woke up and isn't sure whether he slept well enough or not and is determined to make up his own mind about it. But there is something unfulfilled about the way he walks that suggests he is mulling a matter of more general interest than that.

"On a football field you don't have time to stop and think," says Harris' former teammate Joe Greene. "But Franco thinks out everything. You watch Franco run, he's not dancing. He's making decisions."

You watch Franco walk and it's as if he doesn't really believe in walking, he's beyond it; running is true discourse,

walking is small talk. Yet he's notoriously in no hurry. In season and out he walks with the pained, stiffish amble of a powerful but sensitive and banged-up centurion, or a reflective cowboy just out of two weeks in the saddle.

His carriage suggests that his shoulders are connected to his feet by elastic cords that can only with effort be stretched. "Breaks down better than any big man I have seen," wrote a Steeler scout, on the plus side, when Harris was at Penn State. To break down is to maintain in action a good football position, balanced, gathered, cocked fluently at the knees and hips. Franco walks as if on the verge of that (and perhaps also the automotive) kind of breakdown. Or it may be more as though his body is a horse that feels like itself only in the strain of full stride, and his mind is a rider broodily aware that it's a long while between times to burst out.

Then on the field he does burst, and you'd forgotten that he, or anybody else, could flow as complicatedly but smoothly as that.

Harris is one of the few sports figures—Oscar, Wilt, Kareem, Reggie are among them—whose first names suffice, and his is one of the most recognizable

sports faces. Fans may think they have him summed up. Immaculate Reception, all those Super Bowls, half-black-half-Italian. But his wife and Penn State Football Coach Joe Paterno have called him "an enigma," and this season vicariously hard guys in Pittsburgh bars will once again be watching Harris step out



Dad approaches this playground fire truck with the same enthusiasm he displays to Dad's fans.



Franco and Dana, at home here in Pittsburgh, have been together since meeting at Penn State.

"But then . . . you go somewhere and see him surrounded. Kids, all kinds of people, blocking."

And Harris mixes well with them if they're celebrities, lends a hand if they're a charity, signs autographs ad infinitum. "His motto," says Swann, "is 'A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.'"

Harris weighs anywhere from 220 pounds (his reckoning) to 240 (tacklers' estimates) and stands 6' 2", and yet his running style has been described as "dainty." Which is why he has been able to play in 157 of a possible 166 games in 10 years, tie Jim Brown's record of seven 1,000-yard seasons, run for more yards and score more touchdowns in postseason games than anyone else ever, and gain more regular-season rushing yards (10,339) than anybody but Brown (12,312) and O.J. Simpson (11,236) (see box, page 86).

In 1972, when the Steelers first made the playoffs, Harris was AFC Rookie of the Year and came from nowhere in the first round of the AFC playoffs to grab a deflected pass just before it hit the ground and carry it 60 yards to beat Oak-

land in the last five seconds and go down in history as the Immaculate Receiver. In the Steelers' first Super Bowl, IX, in 1975, in which they beat Minnesota 16-6, he rushed for 158 yards and was named Most Valuable Player. In 1976 he was named NFL Man of the Year, and after last season he was presented the Byron R. (Whizzer) White Humanitarian Award.

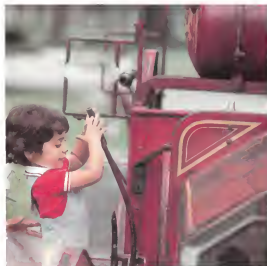
Like others of the 12 still-active members of the Steeler dynasty that won four world championships in six years, Harris may, as they say, have lost a step. Or a fraction of one: He ran 40 yards in slightly under 4.8 seconds (from a bad start) in camp this year, compared to slightly more than 4.7 as a rookie. But, at 32, he's still quick and sound, he still moves in his own mysterious ways, and he may well have enough steps left to pass O.J. and Brown. He makes an estimated \$350,000 a year from a Steeler contract he negotiated himself. So he no longer rides a municipal bus to Three Rivers Stadium and hitchhikes home the way he did when he was a rookie. Now he drives a Toyota that is always in the shop because he doesn't like to shift gears. Harris isn't a run-of-the-mill guy.

"I always say Franco is the one person I know of who's going to go straight up to heaven," says Dana Dokmanovich, the elegant Eastern Airlines flight attendant who has been an item with Harris since college, has been living with him for several years and is the mother of Franco Dokmanovich Harris, three, called Dok. Harris introduces Dana as his wife, but they have never felt compelled to make their union official, which is why Bess Dokmanovich—who lives with them in Pittsburgh and helps take care of Dok and serves as Harris' secretary—refers to herself amiably as "Franco's mother-in-law-so-to-speak."

"Franco and the Pope," says Dana, thinking of one other who will go straight to Glory. "Because of what Franco does for other people. To me he's a pain in the butt. He lets anybody in the house."

Franco, Dana, Dok and Bess don't live in a house you'd expect a football player to have. "When Franco first showed it to me, I thought it was a joke," says Dana. But that was when it was boarded up and in terrible shape inside. Now it's the kind of townhouse a well-fixed San Francisco

continued





When Harris slides to the sideline, as in this '78 playoff victory over Denver, he doesn't apologize.

FRANCO continued

lawyer might have, with imposing marble mantels, rich-grained wainscoting, corkscrew balustrades, great hardwood floors and high ceilings. Franco walks around in it and says, "Feels solid." The house stands in an old part of Pittsburgh called the Mexican War Streets area (because its streets were laid out during that conflict), which is gentrifying, but not by leaps and bounds.

"It's an interesting neighborhood," says Harris in his deep murmur. "Not everyone would like it, but I like it. It has some interesting people." It reminds Bess of places she used to live. Dana, who doesn't remember that far back, would like to move somewhere "away from things." She says, "I'll tell you why he bought this house. Because it's so close to the stadium. Otherwise he'd never get there on time."

Near the house is a park. Steeler patriarch Art Rooney, who lives a few blocks away, once located Harris by going to this park, hailing the first little kid he saw playing basketball and saying, "Find Franco."

In this park, a young man comes up pushing a bent-limbed woman in a ramshackle

wheelchair. Both of them look as if they've been down on their luck all their lives. "Here he comes again, with his mother," says Dana. "You should hear her holler at him when he hits a bump." The pair hails Franco, and Dana rolls her eyes.

"Did you find a place to live?" asks

Harris in an elder-brotherish tone of concern. The last time he saw them they were on his doorstep under the impression that his house, like most of the large dwellings in the vicinity, contained apartments for poor folk. Harris counsels with the pair for several minutes.

Meanwhile Dok, less reserved than his father, is dashing about like a Serbo-Italo-Afro-American butterfly.

"Dok goes up to people and says, 'Do you know who I am? Do you want to meet my daddy?'" says Dana (who's of Serbian descent). "When Franco signs autographs, Dok signs too—scribbles—on the same paper. We went into McDonald's and he saw Franco's picture on the glasses they're giving out. 'Give me my daddy's glass!' he yelled. Fortunately, he's hard to understand."

Harris is resigned to moving out of the inner city for Dok's sake, but he points out that no one has broken into the house.

"How would anyone break in?" says Dana. "They'd have to time it just right. There's always someone ringing the bell."

"He's never here, he's always away doing charity work. And I only know three-fourths of what he does for people. There are parts of himself he just

continued



Sometimes out, Harris was in for this Penn State win over Syracuse

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FRANCO continued

won't share, and that's one. I don't think he wants to admit how much people get him to do for them."

One day, Pittsburgh sportscaster Myron Cope got a call about a local kid who'd been hit in the head by a line drive in a Little League game. The kid couldn't speak and could barely move. He had to do therapy on special walking boards to keep fluid from gathering in his lungs, but he couldn't get motivated. Would it be possible for Cope to arrange for the kid's No. 1 sports hero to visit him in the rehabilitation center? Cope said he'd try. He called and called but could never get the hero to call back.

Who was the kid's No. 2 hero? Cope inquired. Franco Harris. "Oh," said Cope, relieved. "No problem." After one call Franco was at the center with a huge bundle of coloring books and comics for the kids there.

"I sat down to wait while Franco and the doctor went into a room with the kid," says Cope. "I figured it'd be 10 minutes or so. I sat there for an hour and 15 minutes. Finally Franco came out. He'd

been helping the kid on the walking boards. As we left he was telling the doctor, 'I'll be back with Swann and some other guys.' Franco is one guy who really does charity."

"Franco will go out of his way to help anybody," says Greene, "but he isn't concerned with what anybody thinks. He's not concerned with what I think." Greene, who until his retirement at the end of last season was the most authoritative of Steelers, and the only one other than Swann who could be said to know Franco well, adds, "Franco answers only to Franco."

He won't dispute anything with Dana, though. "We have plenty of arguments," she says, "but I'm the only one arguing. He will not argue. He has his own pace, and you can yell at him but it doesn't make any difference."

That led to some problems during Harris' in-and-out career at Penn State. Steeler scouting reports said things like, "Can cut, slide, stop and go. Will lower the boom. Lots of movement and wiggle." But also things like this:



"Has all needs [scout talk for requirements] of a great pro but is not a hustler."

"Not a hard runner for his size."

"Question his top competitiveness."

And, finally, "Could be a great pro but might not even be a good one. However, I feel he is worth the gamble."

The Steelers took that gamble after considerable internal debate, but Harris didn't blow people away when he came to camp as the team's top draftee in '72. "I didn't think he could make the team," recalls retired Center Ray Mansfield. Rocky Bleier, who, with Franco, produced the Steelers' most effective running attack, and now does sports news on Pittsburgh TV, says his first impression of Franco was "lazy."

Bleier's second impression: "I sat next to him in meetings and thought, 'Little thin arms ... he's undeveloped ... What does he have that I don't have?'" Bleier was a committed weightlifter who had built up his chest, arms and legs enormously. "Franco's not all chiseled," observes a friend. "He's just sort of there." By the time Harris joined the Steelers he thought of himself as being into serious lifting, but that was by his own standards. People who were in camp then recall that he didn't seem to know how to handle weights. Harris started



Dana's mother, Bess, Franco's "mother-in-law-so-to-speak," takes care of business as his secretary.



The Harris home is a restored brick townhouse in the Mexican War Streets area of Pittsburgh.

lifting weights alone. About halfway through his rookie year the Steelers realized Franco was neither lazy nor weak but just unconventional.

As recently as 1979, however, Jack Tatum, then a feared Oakland defensive back, said in his book, *They Call Me Assassin*: "I have never seen a more imposing physical specimen of an athlete with less drive than Franco. . . . If Franco doesn't run for the sidelines, slip and fall, or cake out before anyone gets near him, then . . . someone else is wearing his game jersey."

Of course, being criticized in those terms by Tatum is like being called effete by Stalin. But the kind of thing Tatum exaggerated is what makes Harris such a refreshing fullback. Most backs, says Bleier, would be embarrassed to run the way Franco sometimes does. "But you know Franco," Bleier says. "He could give a damn. And look what he's accomplished."

It all began in Pisa, Italy, where Sergeant Cad Harris of Jackson, Miss., who never talked much, met Gina Parenti, whose village had been destroyed and whose brother, an Italian soldier, had been chopped to pieces by Nazis, but who talked a great deal. She married Cad and went with him to Mount Holly, N.J.

Franco's father stayed in the Army, at Fort Dix, N.J. after World War II, and Franco grew up in a firmly disciplined family of nine children. "He took after our father, because he was into his privacy," says Harris' younger brother Pete, who tried out unsuccessfully as a defensive back with the Steelers this year. "But I never saw Franco much when we were kids. He was always at Fort Dix shinning shoes and bagging groceries. Too many kids to support."

Franco was also starring in baseball, basketball and football. But "nobody in our house talked about careers," he says. "In the seventh grade I got put into an A-track class, and the teacher went around the room asking whether we were going to take commercial or college prep, and everybody else said 'college prep, college prep,' so I said 'college prep.' But I never thought about going to college until my older brother Mario went to Glassboro State."

Franco did even better: made high school All-America and went to Penn State, where he wore a T shirt, khakis and high-top black tennis shoes and hung out at the hoagie shop just like back home. But he also took his grades seri-

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FRANCO continued

ously. At the end of his first term, Harris had a 1.9, a tenth of a point under a C average. Many a jock would have been pleased, but Franco says, "I was sick. I couldn't get over it. I wasn't going to let that happen again"—possibly because he remembered the time one of his sisters came home with a bad grade "and my father tore her up. Whoops. A lot of times I didn't cross the fine line into getting in trouble because of fear of my father."

Which isn't to say that he toed every line. "The late '60s and early '70s was an era when I guess a lot of people didn't look at authority as very good no matter where it came from," Harris says. "Being in college then, you learned to read between the lines. Kent State, I think, was the most tragic thing in the history of our country. I couldn't believe our own countrymen shooting and killing. . . . If there were demonstrations or takeovers, I liked to go see what was happening. But I wasn't one to overthrow the university. At times I felt a lot of pressure, from people who thought it would be great to have a football player visible in a lot of things. But I still was kind of a punky kid from New Jersey and I didn't want anybody to tell me what to do, especially college kids."

"After I got to Penn State I heard that there had been a discussion among the coaches about whether I should have



Harris' purely offensive instincts may aswell the defense, but Terry Bradshaw (above) and Center Mike Webster (right) appreciate their benefits.



my mustache. I'd never have gone there if I'd thought they'd tell me that. I never thought of my mustache as being a mustache. I thought it was just part of my face. I had hair on my lip at a very early age."

He also had a sense of how to play football at an early age, and in college he didn't test that sense enough. He was an All-America honorable mention his sophomore year, but tailed off after that. It's often said that Penn State relegated Franco to blocking for his friend and classmate Lydell Mitchell, who was a consensus All-America their senior year, but the situation wasn't that simple. John Morris, who was sports information director at Penn State then, says he promoted Harris and Mitchell equally as Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside, with the twist that Harris, the bigger of the two, was Mr. Outside. Their senior year, Harris got hurt and took a long time to get back in shape, and Mitchell became the primary ballcarrier. Years later, Morris says, "Franco told me, 'I wish I'd known as much about conditioning then as I do now. I'd have been unstoppable.'"

As it was, he made pro scouts doubt his mettle, and he ran afoul of coachy authority. Paterno was hollering at his troops trying to get them psyched at the beginning of practice one day when Har-

ris, who had characteristically been the last player to get taped, came trotting up a few minutes late. In front of everyone, Paterno told him that if he did that again he'd be demoted to second team.

The next day, Mitchell recalls, "I told Franco not to do it, but he did it anyway. Franco is the type of guy that I don't know how people cannot like him. But once he makes up his mind to do some-

thing, usually he does. Actually, Franco wasn't at practice late. But once we took the field, he sat inside. He came out late. He called Joe's bluff, and meanwhile Joe called his bluff."

Later Paterno blamed himself for challenging Harris in such a way, but the upshot was that Franco didn't start in the Cotton Bowl, and that raised questions about him in pro scouts' minds.

continued

Using his head in a mitercher drill, Harris studies how to take best advantage of his blocking.



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"I always thought I was an all-right guy," says Harris. "But there was talk that I might be blackballed from the NFL. Joe was on vacation, out on a boat somewhere. I tracked him down and called him, asked him if he was saying anything negative about me. He assured me he wasn't."

"But it was going around that I might

And he'd had the maturing experience of working for Walter Conti, who has since become president of the Penn State board of trustees. Conti owns a restaurant in Doylestown, Pa., and he was prevailed upon to take Harris on as a summer worker because he was majoring in hotel and restaurant management.

"Around his junior year," says Conti,

the better jobs that people like to do. Franco Harris cleaned my liver better than anybody else has."

Harris also played in the Senior Bowl and in the College All-Star game, "and I realized I was a better athlete than those other guys. Why had they accomplished more in college? I went to some of the weightlifters at Penn State and they



Cad and Gina Harris beamed when their son was named MVP of Super Bowl IX. Franco's mother still lives in New Jersey but his father died in 1980.

have been a problem. I remember wanting to send the Steelers a telegram not to draft me, because I didn't want to go where the fans threw snowballs at the players. But the guy who was my agent then told me not to send the telegram because I probably had a bad rap now, and it would just make it worse. I got a call that I'd been drafted by the Steelers, and I was in shock."

However, he was ready for the pros. For one thing, he was tired of trying to live on \$15 a month laundry money. "I never did understand that," Harris says. "How is somebody from a poor family supposed to get by? You're not supposed to scalp tickets. You're not supposed to get money from anybody else. You couldn't have a job. Somebody who doesn't have any rights as the college football player. Fortunately, I was able to scalp a few tickets."

"Franco had become lax about some things. He was supposed to show up for an interview at six. He showed up at 11. He said he'd be finished with school on the 17th of June. So I told him to call me on the first of June and I'd arrange for a place for him to live. On the 16th of June at 1 a.m., after I'd given up on him, he called. So I found him a nice place to live. He didn't like it. I found him another place. The first three days of work, he was supposed to be here at eight in the morning. He'd show up at 5 p.m. I told him, 'Either you come or you're done.' And the guy responded."

"Now I say Franco's my third son. He asked me questions that had more depth to them than I'm asked by professionals."

"And he had a desire for perfection. I could see that with my liver. Every calf's liver has to be peeled, or when you cook it it curls up. Peeling liver is not one of

taught me how to lift. I developed a total commitment to getting in shape. It made all the difference in the world. I told myself, when the other guys are tired, that's when you do it. I felt stronger, smarter, my feel for the game was sharper."

And the Steelers thought he was lazy. "I'm still trying to figure that out," Harris says. "After the first exhibition game the coaches came up saying 'Good game,' like they didn't expect it from me. It was hard to believe they were disappointed in me the first week of practice. Maybe it was because I didn't allow people to beat on me."

Ah. The crux of Franco's peculiarity and strength. "I always feel that the easiest thing you can do," he says, "is run into somebody."

Call it common sense or call it elitist, such unabashed thinking is surprisingly rare in football. When asked how he re-

continued

sponds when people accuse Harris of not running hard enough. Steeler Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert, headknocker nonpareil, doesn't say, "I wrench their torsos off." He says, "That's Franco's problem."

Of course, defenses and offenses have ever been uneasy allies. It's entirely possible that the Steeler defense would feel more comfortable if the team's mainstay running back were Chicago's Walter Payton, who says, "My running style is that I attack the defender."

Franco isn't the kind of humanitarian to take that approach, which, in the long run, is playing into the defenders' hands. It's like throwing footballs to a football hitter so he'll respect you more.

"When I went to Buffalo in 1969," says O.J. Simpson, "I thought I had to show my macho, to go all out and play fierce. I did it for two or three games, and then I realized I wasn't going to be long for the NFL if I kept that up. Franco didn't have to prove himself, either. He's used his athletic gifts with discretion."

He has, in fact, been flagrant about it. Dana says that, although he has traditional notions about the roles of men and

women, he's never shown any macho, and so do friends who've been in places where people told him he'd never be half the man Jim Brown was. Harris is so secure that he isn't afraid to say things like, "If it's a matter of winding up in the same place, I'd rather not get hit than get hit, chicken as that may sound."

Defensive players would like runners to define themselves in terms of contact with the defense. But Harris knows what he's interested in, and it isn't being pounded by tacklers.

"I will always watch runners run," he says. "We're studying films, supposed to be watching defenses, and I find myself running along with the runner, putting myself in his shoes. Lots of running backs are faster than I am on a straight-ahead run, but not in the first 10 or 15 yards, dodging people and being quick about it. I'm watching where other backs' feet are, how they move their hips. I see a certain move I like, and I run it over and over in my mind, and I'll try it."

"Every play is different. I can run 19-Straight 10 times, and every time get a different read." He doesn't just read, he peruses: gliding laterally along the line,

scanning it for a breakthrough. And if he winds up in the margin, he doesn't apologize.

He couldn't get away with that fancy stuff if it didn't work for the team, of course. For one thing, as Greene points out, "Franco is brushing a lot of people aside with a lot of authority. He just does it in such a smooth manner it doesn't look like he's bowling them over."

For another thing, Greene says, "The Pittsburgh style is the cut back style. Partly because Dick Hook, our backfield coach, was that kind of runner, looking for the opening, using his blockers. But . . . gliding, waiting for something to happen . . . Franco perfected it."

And the Steelers learned that, as Harris says, "I take my shots. On first or second down, maybe I don't get an extra few feet that we didn't need, but if it's a third-down situation, I go as hard as anybody else."

"After a game," says one of the Steelers' physicians, Dr. Paul Steele, "Franco has big raw welts all across his back, as if somebody has beaten him with a truncheon, and he just gets up and goes again."

"When I first saw him," says Greene, "he reminded me of myself. He didn't like practice. Franco had a wonderful sense of timing, he could gauge the tempo of a play without going full speed in practice. He wasn't sloughing off. Every time he ran a play, he'd run the ball all the way to the goal line."

And if Harris didn't pump iron as lustily as some of his mates, he did do regular weight work, for tone rather than bulk, and he has habitually been the last Steeler out of the locker room after practice. He jumps rope, he lingers in the whirlpool, he kids around with the locker room boys, he does odd exercises no one else does, such as jumping up and down on a mat to develop his spring from a surface with no bounce.

When most of the other Steelers were in the showers after practice the first day the veterans reported to camp, Harris was catching short passes from a rookie quarterback, over and over and over—trying to snag the ball perfectly, with no element of bobble whatsoever. He would make little catching faces and catching noises, with a faraway look in his eyes, like a kid imagining himself a pro football

continued



Franco's immaculate reception against Oakland in 1972 made him a hero and a household name

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player. When he dropped one he would go, "Awwww," and grimace and shudder with almost histrionically real feeling, as if in a pass-dropping-and-reaction drill. When he caught one he would hold the freshly received ball in his hands like cupped water, scrutinizing it, dwelling on it, as if it were a liver that had to be idly peeled. ("The only thing about it," says Conti, "is he would take 3½ hours to peel one liver.")

"In the midst of our so-called dynasty," says Greene, "it was an era when if

picked up a safety blitz, called a trap, and Harris boomed through the hole for the deciding touchdown.

Harris still does things for his own reasons, though. Over the years there have been stretches when the team wondered when Harris was going to get going. There has been talk among the coaches of sitting him down to jolt him into intensity. In his career he has run for 100 yards or more in 44 games, only 13 of which have been in the first half of the season. "You don't really get into the thick of

to take a stitch. And, when they put antiseptic on it, he screamed," says Swann. "There was a little kid sitting in there. He'd probably been sewed up a dozen times; he couldn't believe it."

"Then they had to put antiseptic on it again because Franco kept touching it, and then they put the stitches in and Franco is going like this..." Swann makes a series of tight-lipped faces.

"Franco's saying 'Is that all? Is that all?' And the doctor said he thought he ought to get a tetanus shot. Franco didn't want to. I told him I'd take one, I hadn't had one in a long time and we got those carpet burns on the turf. Franco still didn't want to. He said, 'How bad is it if you get tetanus?' The doctor said, 'You get like this...' Swann makes a series of tight-lipped faces just like the ones Franco was making when he got stitches.

"I'm saying, 'Franco, just go ahead and get the shot.'"

"Well, what are the warning signs?" Franco wants to know. "I could wait and get the shot if I start having them."

"The doctor says, 'Put it this way. Franco, nine out of 10 people who get the warning signs don't make it.'"

"What if I get nauseous?" Franco says. "Could I get the shot then?" He's still trying to talk the doctor out of the shot. Then finally he sits down, and he's like a high jumper crouched waiting for the wind to be just right. "Got to get ready. Ah-right... mmm. Ah-right-ah-right-ah-right—wait a minute..."

So. Maybe Harris is chicken. Maybe that's why he's so sympathetic to kids in hospitals, and why he has preserved himself so admirably, and even why he suddenly gets those sudden bursts. Walter Conti says Franco told him, after making his first long NFL run, "All of a sudden I saw a hole, cut through it, and saw these two big fellas coming after me. I was so scared I burst out fast, and the next thing I knew I was 10 yards downfield. I don't like getting hit."

Maybe that's not the kind of humanitarianism Whizzer White seeks to foster, but you have to take humanitarianism and breaths of fresh air and great running backs where you find them. One thing Harris has learned in his years of reading is this:

"The hole is never where it's supposed to be."

ALLTIME NFL RUSHING LEADERS				Avg. Per Game	Avg. Per Carry	Avg. Total Yards
	Years	Games	Carries			
1. Jim Brown	9	118	2,359	104.3	5.2	12,312
2. O.J. Simpson	11	135	2,404	83.2	4.7	11,236
3. Franco Harris†	10	140	2,462	73.9	4.2	10,339
4. Joe Perry*	16	179	1,929	53.4	5.0	9,723
5. Walter Payton†	7	105	2,204	91.5	4.4	9,608
6. Jim Taylor	10	132	1,941	65.1	4.4	8,597
7. Larry Csonka	11	146	1,891	55.3	4.3	8,081
8. John Riggins†	10	126	1,861	59.8	4.0	7,536
9. Leroy Kelly	10	136	1,727	55.5	4.2	7,274
10. John Henry Johnson	13	143	1,571	47.6	4.3	6,803
11. Lawrence McCutcheon	10	121	1,521	54.4	4.3	6,578
12. Lydell Mitchell	9	111	1,675	58.9	3.9	6,534
13. Earl Campbell†	4	62	1,404	104.1	4.6	6,457
14. Floyd Little	9	117	1,641	54.0	3.8	6,323
15. Tony Dorsett†	5	75	1,368	83.6	4.6	6,270

* Includes two seasons in All-American Football Conference.

† Still active in NFL.

you couldn't run, you couldn't play, and we ran, and we ran with Franco. Ninety percent of the offense then was Franco."

"You can see the frustration sometimes," says Swann. That is, you can see [Coach] Chuck Noll on the sidelines "wanting to say, 'Franco, run over the guy!' And Franco is getting up and..." Swann does an imitation of Franco moaning, preoccupied, with his back to the bench. "But Franco plays Chuck's offense. He does the job."

"If you want to get Franco jacked up," says Quarterback Terry Bradshaw, "just try to embarrass any one of us." In Super Bowl XIII, the Cowboys' Hollywood Henderson jostled and taunted Bradshaw between plays. Harris snatched Henderson away. On the next play Bradshaw

things until the last half," says Harris. Even during the juggernaut years, he could sometimes cut the thick awfully close.

That's because Harris isn't an automaton. He's a humanitarian. He has to have a certain kind of inspiration. Some players stoke their fires with amphetamines, but not Harris. Nor would he ever let anybody shoot him up so he could play hurt. In fact, well, he and Swann were working out at the University of Pittsburgh before camp this year and Swann found him in the locker room holding bloody ice on the back of his hand, where he had cut it on a light fixture. Swann talked him, with difficulty, into going over to the infirmary.

"He didn't want to. Didn't want them

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New York, N.Y.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

USF AND QUINTIN DAILEY

Sir:

What a bummer year for SI! Your coverage of the seasonal sports has been fantastic, most notably this baseball season, and then there have been your blockbuster special reports—on Don Reese and cocaine in the NFL ("I'm Not Worth a Damn," June 14) and on the University of San Francisco and Quintin Dailey ("Bringing Down the Curtain," Aug. 9)—your two best sports journalism pieces in recent memory. Please continue the high quality and fine writing you have brought us this year. It's nice to read the inside story, even if it hurts a little.

MATTHEW FASANG
Troy, Mich.

Sir:

Applause! Applause! You've done a great job the past few months. First the cocaine article by Don Reese with John Underwood and now the probing story on the University of San Francisco and Quintin Dailey by Robert H. Boyle and Roger Jackson. You have proved to be the magazine that finds the major problems in athletics today and gives a true picture of the situation and of what needs to be done.

KRIS WALTERS
Boonville, Mo.

Sir:

After reading the article about Quintin Dailey and the death of USF basketball, I'm convinced that the Rev. John Lo Schiavo, S.J., president of the university, was correct in "bringing down the curtain" on the program there. Sure, Dailey is responsible for his embarrassing behavior on Dec. 21. He alone knows the disgrace resulting from the events of that night. But it seems to me Dailey is merely the symbol of a diseased system. He is nothing but the scapegoat for those USF officials, past and present, who, in trying to guarantee the success of the basketball program at USF, instead created or perpetuated a rotten system that now lies dead.

JEFFERSON CRISWELL
Springfield, Va.

Sir:

Congratulations to Father Lo Schiavo for having the courage to make such a tough decision. He put his foot down and set an example all schools should follow, namely, that education is more important than athletics. Athletes of all ages will benefit from this example.

BILL GANLEY
Salem, N.H.

Sir:

While the facts of the early morning hours of Dec. 21 seem shadowed in doubt, the as-

sault on the integrity of the University of San Francisco by arrogant alumnus is clear. I hope Father Lo Schiavo's decision will stand as a precedent for other university presidents and as a warning to overenthusiastic, underhanded boosters.

BILLY THOMAS
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

How a man with All-America status and popularity and with the world at his feet could stoop so low is beyond me. Quintin Dailey seems to destroy his claim to innocence in the article by contradicting himself. Just to cite one instance, Dailey says, on page 74, that he fell asleep at 2:30 a.m., while on the following page he says he fell asleep at 3:40. For someone who hadn't been drinking, that sure sounds like bad timing to me.

KENNETH W. LOWE
Salem, Md.

Sir:

There is no charge easier to make, and none more difficult to disprove, than that of sexual assault. In the absence of any physical evidence, and based on the facts as stated in your story, I have a reasonable doubt as to Quintin Dailey's guilt, notwithstanding his pleading guilty to a reduced charge. The plea was plainly a tactical decision to put the matter behind him and assure his entry into the professional ranks. For the final verdict on Dailey, we must wait to see what kind of life he chooses to lead in a professional.

MARK T. DYKSTRA
Attorney-at-Law
Auburn, Ind.

Sir:

With all the questions and issues raised in your account of the USF scandal, there are two subsidiary matters that I find very disconcerting: attorney Bob Woolf's cavalier, sexist statement, "Even if he was guilty of everything the lady said, it wasn't that bad," and the ungrammatical, almost illiterate utterances of Quintin Dailey, who was reportedly a "good student" in high school and who has completed three years at a supposedly decent university.

VIRGINIA WOLFE MANUEL
Hickley, N.Y.

Sir:

I disapprove of the contents of your article covering the demise of the USF basketball program. To publish testimony of a sexual assault "in considerable detail" in such a popular sports magazine as yours is simply wrong. According to Robert H. Boyle and Roger Jackson, these alleged events were recorded to "delineate the terrible nature of [Quintin]

Dailey's assault, a crime for which he might not have been punished." The quality and purpose of the story would have been upheld without these details. You have a moral responsibility to your readers, especially the young ones who do not yet have the maturity to properly deal with such things.

BOB COLO
Anderson, S.C.

Sir:

Isn't All-America Quintin Dailey giving John Q. Public the "finger" in the opening picture? I, for one, don't hold magazines or books with my middle finger protruding in that direction.

BOB KUFFEL
Park Ridge, Ill.

■ SI's photographer shot a large number of pictures of Dailey in his apartment, and in every pose in which he was holding a book, the position of his fingers was the same. SI concluded it was natural, not intentional.—ED

TESTING FOR DRUGS

Sir:

Some of the statements made in Douglas S. Looney's article (*A Test with Nothing but Tough Questions*, Aug. 9) on the possible use of urinalysis to determine drug usage in the NFL left me sick to my stomach! How dare Players Association President Gene Upshaw say that urinalysis "is an insult to [the players'] integrity"? The only insult is to the integrity of the game! Almost daily I pick up the newspaper and see that another player has admitted to a "chemical dependency."

In the U.S. Air Force, spot checks by urinalysis for drug usage are mandatory to insure the integrity of our national defense system. As a member of the Air Force it has never occurred to me that my "rights of privacy" have been violated. As Greg Pruitt so aptly put it, "If you've got nothing to hide, why worry about urinalysis?"

Rather than worry about the tests, the players should worry about the image they project to our young people.

DAVID C. GREY
Sergeant, USAF
Omaha

Sir:

George Rogers, last year's leading rusher in the NFL, reportedly admitted to having spent \$10,000 last year on cocaine. Rogers claims he was a recreational user of the substance. Well, that figure comes so close to my total take-home pay for 1981 it's revolting! That is an insult to my integrity and the integrity of every other sports fan who works his tail off just to see his favorite team once or twice a

continued

season, only to be rewarded by less than 100% performance because one or more players on the field abuse this drug or another.

GREG P. ZACHARY
Houston

Sir:

The viral question isn't so much who should do what about athletes who abuse drugs, but what constitutes abuse. Does urinalysis detect abusive levels as opposed to non-abusive? It appears that the article, indeed the entire controversy, assumes that the detection of a drug in an athlete's urine brands that athlete as an abuser. Perhaps the various leagues, players' associations and SI should address that question.

J. KURTIS WAHLBINK
St. Louis

Sir:

The Legal Action Center is a non-for-profit public interest law firm that specializes in areas of law concerning the employment rights of current and former substance abusers. From our experience, we wish to make two points. First, although the most sophisticated urine tests are quite accurate, mistakes can happen. Urine samples can be mislabeled or switched, and occasionally the test reports a "false positive" even though the subject took no drugs. It is thus unwise to conclude that a person abused a drug solely on the basis of a urinalysis without examining other evidence.

Second, current medical evidence indicates that alcohol and drug abuse are diseases that need treatment, and that many abusers are unable to stop without professional help. The primary goal of any urine testing of athletes should thus be to identify those persons in need of treatment, with the test results and treatment kept confidential to protect the individual's privacy and to encourage others to come forward for help.

Abuse of drugs and alcohol is one of the gravest health problems in this country. We applaud your efforts to focus public attention on the seriousness of this issue and on the urgent need for providing treatment opportunities to those suffering from substance abuse.

PAUL N. SAMELS
Staff Attorney
Legal Action Center
New York City

BRAVE WORDS

Sir:

Your article about America's Team II (*Nor Home Free Yet*, Aug. 9) perfectly expressed how I feel about the Atlanta Braves and Ted Turner's SuperStation WTBS. Before WTBS, the only time I could see a game was on weekends or on Monday night. Now I can watch almost every game the Braves play.

BILLY OSBORNE
Asken, S.C.

Sir:

I am an objective yet dedicated Dallas Cowboy fan. I also have a great deal of respect for the Atlanta Braves, but you do not

become America's Team—I or II—without winning year in and year out. The Braves just lost 11 straight games! When was the last time the Cowboys did that?

CARL NAVE
Roanoke, Va.

Sir:

You must be kidding! The Atlanta Braves as America's Team? I believe you owe the Dallas Cowboys an engraved apology.

WARREN BERRY
Seminole, Okla.

Sir:

Everyone knows the Los Angeles Dodgers are America's Team.

JEROME H. WELMOLTE
Downey, Calif.

GLASSIC WARFARE

Sir:

Your article (*He Blocked for Napoleon*, Aug. 9) on Denver Guard Tom Glasco was terrific. I am one of the thousands of Napoleonic enthusiasts across the country, and it's nice to know that professional athletes are included in our ranks. I hope that all of the "weekend generals" across the country derive as much pleasure from these miniature war games as Glasco seems to. As I assume my role of Lieut. General Edler von Lecoq, commander of the two Saxon divisions of the French VII Corps in 1812, I send to Tom a hearty *Vive l'Empereur!*

SCOTT SILBERS
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

Occasionally I thumb through my husband's copy of SI looking for well-written articles that will appeal to my non-athletic interests. I was delighted when I found *He Blocked for Napoleon*. Bob Ottum did a superb job of describing Tom Glasco, a truly one-of-a-kind person. When the Broncos are next on television, even I will perk up to watch mind and brawn work together.

JANET H. GOING
Lewisville, N.C.

Sir:

Rape is never a laughing matter. The bawdy, satiric reference by Tom Glasco to a mock attack on a convent by "General Peter Rapenunovich" not only lacks humor but also is insulting, if not blasphemous. And the fact that it appeared in the same issue as the detailed description of the horrendous, traumatic assault by Quentin Dailey dramatizes the unfunniness of such a crime. Let's not desensitize a single reader about its seriousness.

THE REV. HERB WELLMER
Cathedral of St. John the Baptist
Savannah

DODO

Sir:

Thanks for your article on Dodo Choney (*A Dodo in Name Only*, Aug. 9). I couldn't help but smile and remember fondly the hundreds of Saturdays I spent playing tennis as a member of the Santa Monica (Calif.) Teen

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

Tennis Association. I'm glad to read that Dodo is still a vibrant part of the game.

MARSHA A-H FOX
Lexington, Va.

Sir,

I grew up in La Jolla, Calif. and vividly recall Dodo Cheney's domination of the tennis championships there. She was, and always will be, one of the classiest individuals to grace the sport. Those who have been lucky enough to see her play and those fortunate enough to be honored by her acquaintance will never forget her. Thanks to Jill Lieber for a fine profile of a very special lady.

JOHN HERNANDEZ
La Palma, Calif.

SYNCHRO

Sir,

I was thrilled to read the article *That Syncing Feeling* (Aug. 2) by Dennis Stathopoulos on synchronized swimming. The sport has come a long way since 1967, when I was Michigan's AAU individual winner representing the Lansing Sea Sprites. I can only dream of what it would have been like to travel outside the U.S. for meets, get a full athletic scholarship to college, appear in *SI* and, ultimately, go to the Olympic Games. I'll be cheering for the U.S. duo—probably Candy Costie and Tracie Ruiz—in the '84 Games and for synchronized swimming itself. I feel the solo and team events should be included in the Olympics, too.

PAMELA M. MILLER
East Lansing, Mich.

Sir,

I found the opening photo of Tracie Ruiz and Candy Costie offensive. There are so many more attractive phases of this beautiful water ballet, even in the inverted positions.

Also, publicity given to Ruiz and Costie in recent publications has shown neglect for the many hardworking and dedicated team members who have sacrificed to make this an event worthy of the Olympic Games.

JOHN ALLEN
1960 Olympic Walker (50 km)
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir,

I propose Tracie Ruiz for Sportswoman of the Year, based on her gold medal solo performance at the world championships in Ecuador, and for cover girl of your annual swimsuit issue. Only one word can describe my reaction to her photo in the Aug. 2 issue: 'Wow'!

HENRY LEWIS
Pittsburgh

Sir,

Tracie Ruiz and Candy Costie? I'm in love!
CARL R. WARNER
Dallas

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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